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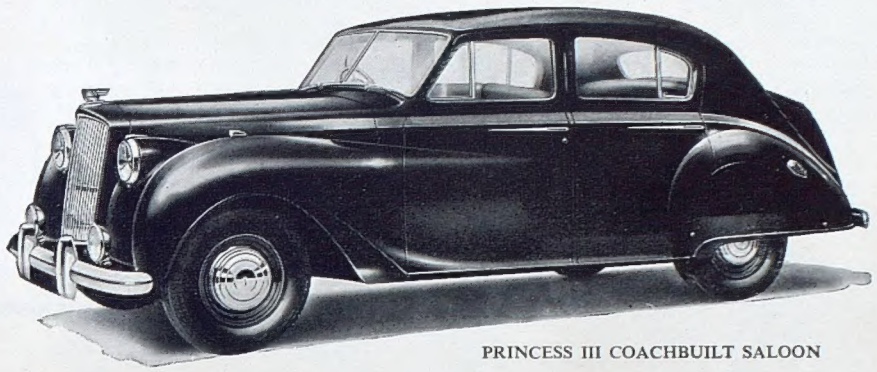

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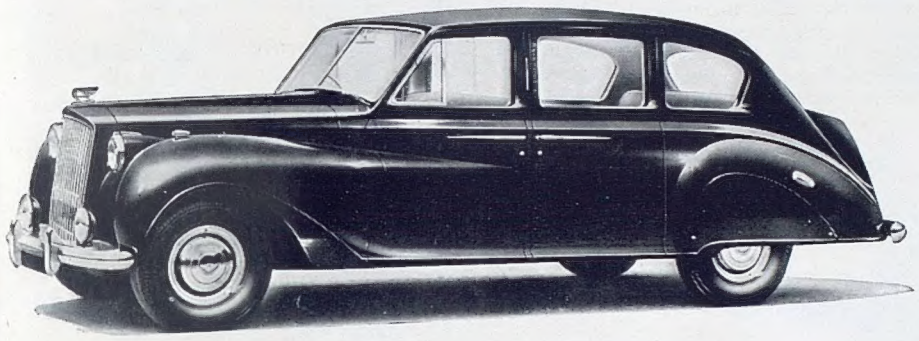

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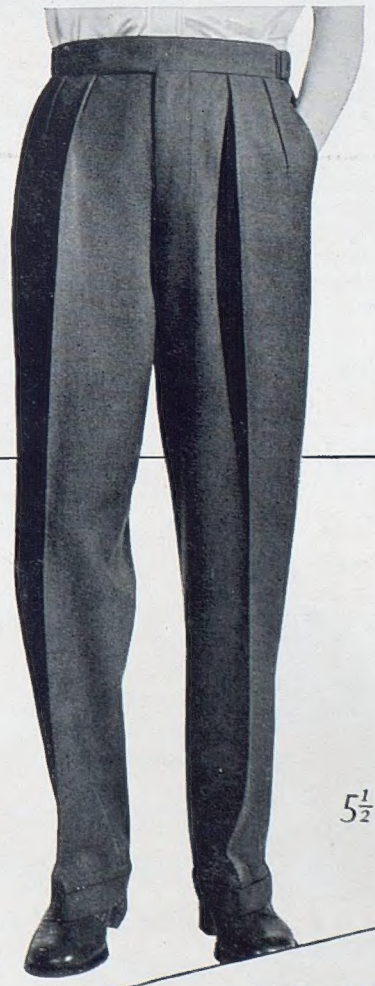

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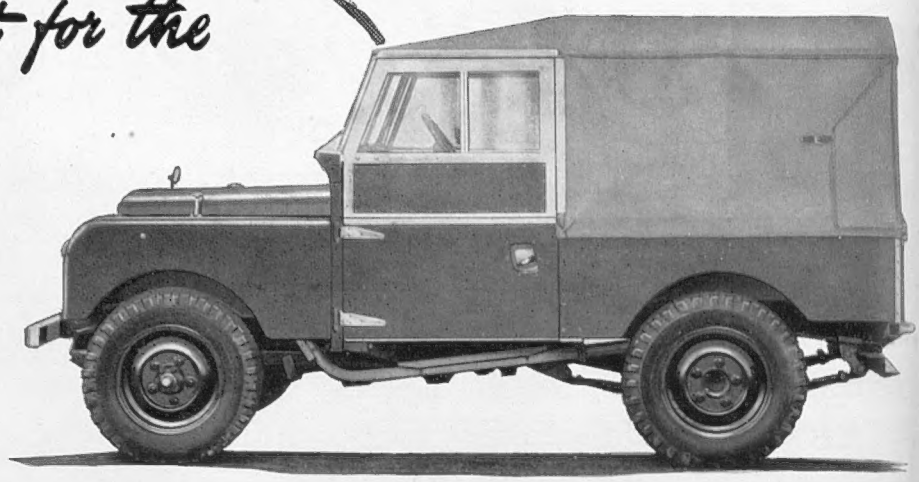

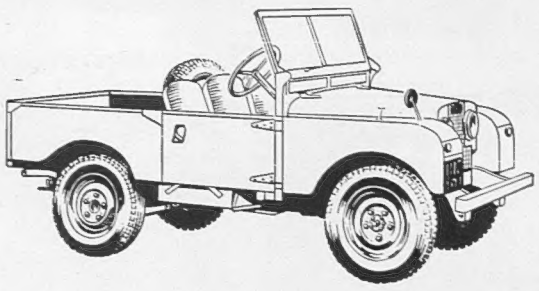

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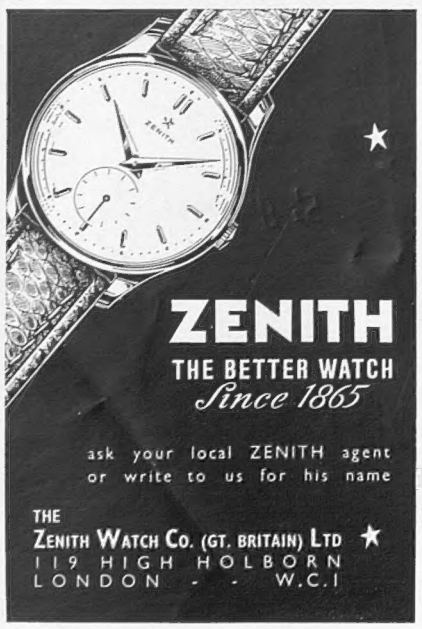

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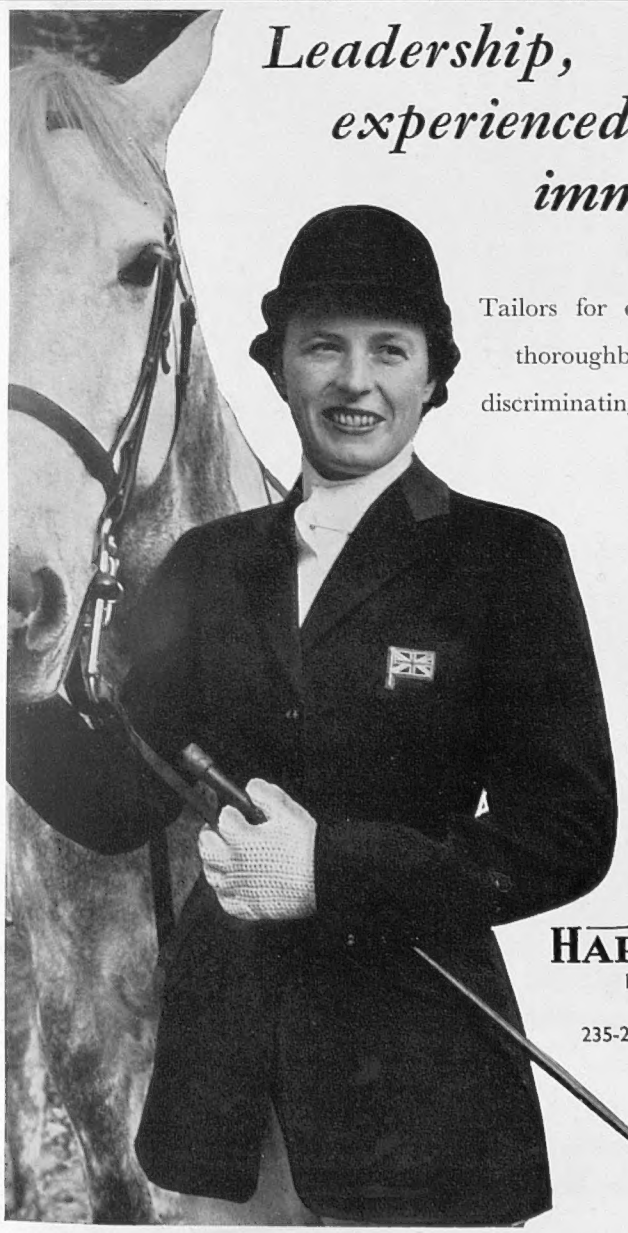

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Volume CCXVII No. 2826

The SPHERE, London, April 10, 1954

The SPHERE

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THE AWESOME EXPLOSION OF A HYDROGEN BOMB—THE MUSHROOM CLOUD WHICH FORMED AFTER THE DETONATION OF THE BOMB IN THE MARSHALL ISLANDS IN 1952: This picture of a hydrogen-bomb explosion was taken fifty miles away from the burst, and at a height of 12,000 ft., when the terrible weapon was tested at Eniwetok Atoll, in the Pacific, in November 1952. The mushroom cloud, at this moment 3½ miles in diameter, is composed of hot gases which expand rapidly.

News of the unexpected results of the exploding of a hydrogen bomb last month was followed by the release of the first pictures of a hydrogen-bomb explosion. Although these pictures were taken in 1952, and it is believed that the two tests last month revealed even greater potentialities in the bomb, they do convey an idea of the vastness of the weapon. Two minutes after the detonation in the Pacific the cloud formed by the explosion had risen to a height of 40,000 ft. Ten minutes later the stem of the cloud had pushed its way 25 miles into the air, while the mushroom portion spread over an area of 100 miles. The island in the Eniwetok Atoll, where the test explosion took place, disappeared completely, leaving only a crater filled in by the sea. The thought that last month's explosions were almost beyond the control of scientists, coupled with the awe-inspiring films and pictures now released, have caused considerable apprehension both in the United States and in this country. The American authorities have, however, stated that the explosion of the hydrogen bomb is well within the control of scientists. (Further pictures on pages 48—49.)

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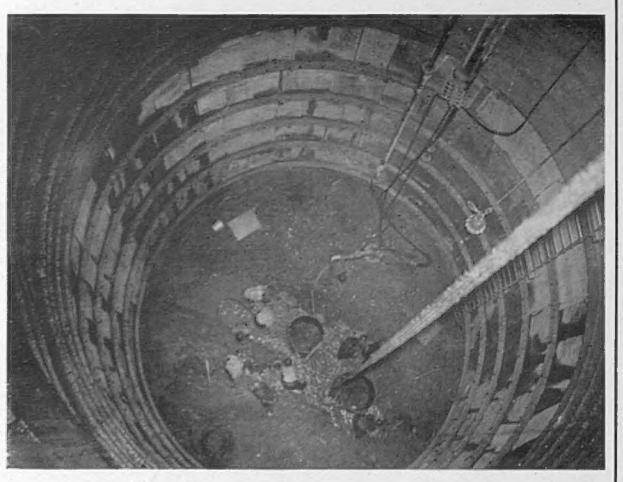
GERMAN-CONSTRUCTED SHAFTS IN WALES

LOOKING OUT FROM THE TOP OF A HEADSTOCK AT THE NEW CYNHEIDRE COLLIERY IN SOUTH WALES : Forty Germans, soon to be joined by others, are employed at the site sinking two 800-yard shafts. The contract was awarded to the German firm founded by Fritz Thyssen because, it is said, all the British shaft-sinking equipment was in use. The firm is at present owned by Thyssen's widow and his daughter, Countess Anita Zichy. The German workers, who are determined to do a fast job in South Wales, live in the huts seen in the right centre of this picture. When in full production it is estimated that the new £7,500,000 Cynheidre Colliery will yield more than £1,000,000 of dollar-earning anthracite a year.

ALL EYES ON THE WINDING GEAR AS MEN ARE LOWERED DOWN ONE OF THE TWO NEW SHAFTS : Watched by several of their colleagues, a team of German workers prepares for the descent by means of a huge bucket, and in the picture *below*, men are seen working at the bottom of the newly-constructed mine shaft.



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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Next Election.—It is certain that Mr. Macmillan would not have said what he did say about the prospects of a general election this year or next without knowledge reinforced with a measure of authority. He is in the know ; if he were not, he is too experienced a politician to prophesy without proofs. We may therefore take it that he is fully aware of what the Government's chief Ministers are weighing up as to the wisdom of seeing the full term out or of seeking a new mandate rather earlier. It is a question of timing, and that is a difficult question, since a Government's popularity is liable to very sudden rises and falls as a result of imponderable accidents. A Budget is always such an "accident," and there is reason to suppose that the Budget of 1955 may give more solid and wider ground for satisfaction than this year's. Then, again, a Government which dies from natural causes often induces the wobbly voter to plump for giving the other side a chance again, while a Government which lays down its power at a well-chosen moment, when its virtues are appreciated, "offers itself for re-election" with more attractive inducements. It is "taking the voter into its confidence," it is "confidently leaving the issue to the nation on its record." I think there is truth in this, and it leads me to expect that the Government is swinging towards the idea of a General Election at the most appropriate moment after next year's Budget and, that being so, it sees wisdom in warning the Conservative machine to oil the works and fill up with petrol. For a year is not too long for running the machine in and testing it for faults. I expect we shall be plunged in a General Election between May and November 1955, the precise date depending on imponderable accidents like world wars or deaths or small domestic successes. I believe that the Government's present intention is to risk a year of power to gain five more.

An Ill Bird.—I suppose this question of the hydrogen-bomb experiments is one of the most frightful dilemmas which has ever faced humanity. The layman who pontificates about it is the silliest of fools. But the subject justifies any journalist expressing his humble reflections. "It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest," and for some years now ill birds have been at work fouling humanity's nest with their loathsome experiments in mass destruction, induced not by love of knowledge or zeal for the welfare of humanity, but in sheer panic anxiety for self-preservation. And it is an odd and awful reflection that in the West, where civilisation is said to survive, the still, small voice of protest has been heard a little louder concerning the torture of sea-birds by oil pollution than the fate of the human race by radio pollution. This is not exaggeration. The dumbness of the peoples concerning these fearful experiments must one day—if there is a future for humanity—be judged by posterity's historians as an eighth wonder of the world. And America's claim to leadership in the post-war era, at least in the sphere of civilised behaviour and common sense, may be judged flimsy indeed, by a posterity which knows what we do not know—the veiled future of the next thirty years. Even Sir Winston may prove a puzzle for posterity. He has continually spoken in sombre terms of these hideous experiments and developments. But up to now he has not come out *unequivocally* for world action to prevent world destruction. The dilemma which faces him is clear to us all. Yet as an historian he must know well that the perils of any given era in history tend to fade away when far less vital memories survive—and no statesman alive to-day can hope to be glorified for his wisdom a century hence (when the perils of our times may have lost some of their significance), unless he takes action to detach his own people (whatever the risks of another world war) from this more hideous effort to avoid one danger by substituting a greater and more insistent danger. A vital duty of world leadership to-day is to weigh the ills that *may* come against the ills that *have* come and, having seen which way the scales rise and fall, to take *action* and be done with verbal head-shakings ; to lash this nation and the peoples of the world to save themselves from the blindness of Governments and the *hubris* of now frightened scientists.

"To Be or Not To Be."—It is one thing to press and to pay for the most modern and efficient arms for the Services in the defence of the country against aggression. That is plain common sense. It is quite another thing to press or pay for, or even to tolerate or encourage in a negative way, the creation and use of weapons which threaten attacker and attacked alike with utter and swift annihilation and which are capable (as far as the knowledge of scientists extends to-day) in doing the job of annihilation *before* the danger it seeks to avert is in being. The dilemma before the leading statesmen of the world to-day is not to be denied. For every nation it is "to be or not to be." But it may be argued that the time has come for each leader to put the choice before his own nation and obtain a majority answer for his own future guidance. For my part, I feel no doubt at all that the majority in a majority of nations would declare that they would rather "bear the ills they know than fly to others that they know not of." If indeed we now believe what we have been told, that the use of Britain as a launching site for these foul weapons must imply the instant retaliatory destruction of this island in war, it is at least possible that a national referendum in Britain to-day on the issue of unilateral outlawing of the atom and hydrogen bomb, while pressing forward with every other legitimate means of self-defence, would have a majority vote. If it did, its influence on the Eastern and Western blocs might be enormous, while its risk to Britain in the event of world war could hardly be greater.

In Egypt Now.—The Military Junta of twelve, or Council of the Revolutionary Command, will (as at present advised) come to an end on July 24,

CONTRASTS AT SOUTHAMPTON'S DOCKYARD

SWEDISH ROYAL NAVAL SCHOONERS MOOR IN THE OCEAN DOCK CLOSE TO THE "QUEEN MARY" : The *Falken*, with men aloft, is seen alongside, with the *Gladan* standing off between the dock and the liner. When this picture was taken the two schooners had just arrived at the port for a four-day visit at the close of a training cruise to the Azores and the West Indies.

when it will transfer sovereignty to the new Constituent Assembly. On that day "the revolution will be completed." All political parties banned can come into being at once and a civilian caretaker Government is to be collected, if possible, to cope with the dangers of the interim period. The new Assembly will be entirely composed of members chosen by the people in free elections, and all citizens will enjoy full political rights, whatever their records—with the possible exception of the Communists. The twelve will simply melt away, having done their work within two years. Thus constitutional or parliamentary government returns (?) to Egypt. That at least was Neguib's first release of "good news." Yet, somehow, this sudden announcement did not look very satisfactory even on paper. There was a note of panic about it, of sharply divided opinion among the twelve, of a compromise scuttle by frightened men, of trouble and long knives ahead again in Cairo streets, and nothing very comfortable for Britons anywhere in Egypt. Many of the parties are much more skilled in intrigue and more interested in it than in social reform and constitutional or parliamentary government would rob them of the breath of life and their *raison d'être*. One could understand that some of the twelve would be very glad to get back to more anonymous duty in the Army or in civvy street, and that others might plan to resist so swift a shedding of the sweets of power. And so it proved. The situation altered day by day, hour by hour. Finally, it was announced that government by military dictatorship would continue indefinitely. Neguib's "good news" had, after all, become a scrap of paper. But we may be quite sure that this is not the end of political intrigue

nd intimidation. It is all very like the "politics" f a nightmare private school. In the field of iplomacy, Mr. Eden's future tasks *vis-à-vis* Egypt eem like sending Hutton (experienced as he is) to each the Zoo monkey-house to play cricket with straight bat.

The Prisoners of Spandau.—In all ivilised nations to-day more humane notions govern he principles of punishment for crimes. The chief f these are that dangerous criminals should be placed eyond the means to prey again on society and that ven for the most bloody-minded an opportunity for epentance, if not for cure, should be conceded. It ollows, therefore (at least in my view), that, provided he seven arch criminals and murderers in Spandau o-day are safely behind prison walls for the length f their sentences or their lives, any easings of their ot within reason would be justified and are desirable. One or two of them are dying men, one or two are ctogenarians. Even with the one or two who still lorify Hitlerism and dream dreams of reviving it, the nly vital article in their punishment is safe incar- eration—which should include safeguards against he smuggling-out of subversive political encourage- nent. We have very good reason to know that two at east of them are still heroes among underground Nazi roups, and have found means to communicate with hem, and still cherish hopes of leading Germany back o Hitlerism. Yet even for these last, a "place for epentance" should be found within the prison walls or the horrors of solitary confinement, if such are till imposed on them for even short periods, are dis- asteful to civilised minds and serve no useful purpose. One condition of punishment and one only is essential— o keep these fiends in prison until the last slenderest isk of their doing further harm is gone.

The Three "R's."—It is certainly a terrible ruth that, since 1945, at least, the Welfare State has eveloped on the slogan: "Learn to run before you an walk." It was *then* that our crippled finances egan to run and run fast before they could hobble. t was *then* that local Government began to ape Vhitehall and dip into the "limitless" public purse. t was *then* that their tall and stately Parliament Houses, panelled in rare woods and chromium-plated, ose to the skies, and the modern schools, with their oncert-halls and parquet floors and fluorescent ighting, became finishing schools for the village infants. hey are wonderful places, these modern schools; they ake the old public schools look like barns and pig- ties. We were told to wait a few years for results. Ve have waited ten years and seen some results. he theatrical performances reach a high level, the rt exhibits are talented, the hockey and athletic eams win rounds of applause, the dancing is very opular; the scholars are taught football by crack layers. But when the young people are discharged s "finished," they go out into the world, some of hem as clerks and typists, and shop-assistants, where certain standard of primary education in the three R's" is still regarded as desirable, and then the sefulness of State education wears a different face. Ve see it in the business letters we receive, in many n effort to communicate by telephone, in the post ffice, the shops. . . . No more fearful proof occurs o me than my bank pass-book. Before the war, n error in a detail was a phenomenon. To-day, 5 per cent. of the entries are incorrectly spelt and me quite unidentifiable. I wonder what the older aff of the great banks think about the new recruits their clerical grades. They must blush for the ecline of their great prestige. We see the new eglect of the three "R's" most flagrantly in the ree Services, in National Service recruits. The egree of ignorance is something totally new. It nbraces the primaries of religion and history. It r exceeds in these matters the ignorance of the mass the days when the ability to write and spell one's wn name was not universal. The new education is rning out millions of bright young people who know l about the film stars and beauty culture and sex. ut the three "R's" play little part in the syllabus. hey are being educated for a dream world.

THE OLD STAGER.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

BADMINTON

The 1954 Olympic Horse Trials

BY BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

and

FITTING OUT FOR THE YACHTING SEASON

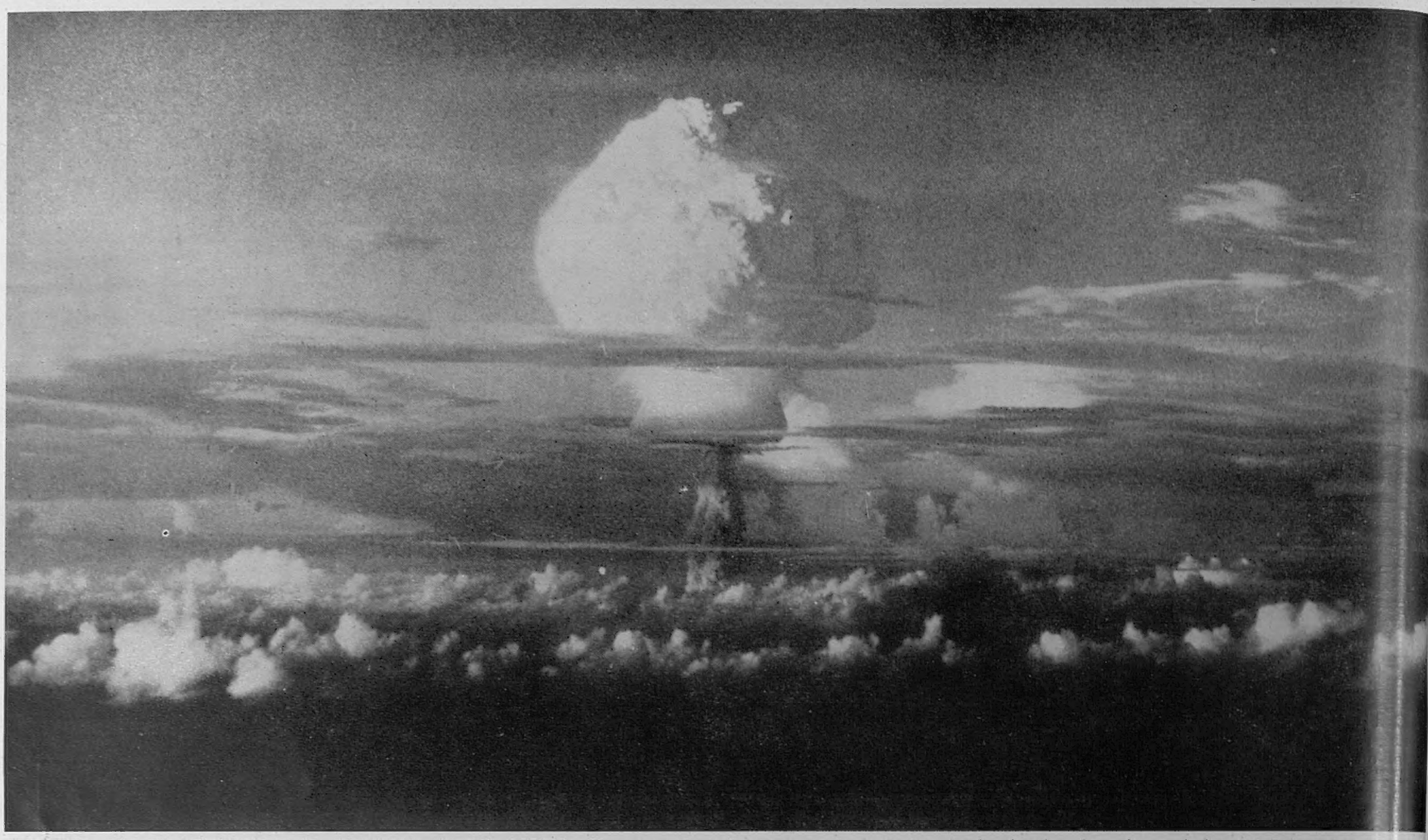
BY UFFA FOX

With Special Photographs by Gabor Denes

N the issue of THE SPHERE dated April 3, the name of a member of the Selection Committee of the oyal Academy was incorrectly given as A. L. Hurst. is should have been Alan Durst, A.R.A.

MAIDSTONE WELCOMES THE QUEEN'S OWN ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT

THE MAYOR OF MAIDSTONE TAKES THE SALUTE AS THE 1ST BATTALION MARCHES THROUGH THE TOWN DURING THE CIVIC RECEPTION: The occasion was in honour of the battalion's return after three years' service in Malaya, and the men exercised the regiment's privilege of marching through the town with fixed bayonets and Colours flying. *Inset on right*—The mayoral dais, showing Alderman Thomas Armstrong standing with Brigadier R. A. Riddell, Deputy Colonel of the regiment, and *below*—A general view of the scene in the beflagged High Street. A highlight of the day's ceremonies was the special display in Week Street, staged by local tradespeople, which depicted incidents in the history of the regiment. Later in the week the battalion was inspected at Maidstone by the Duchess of Kent.



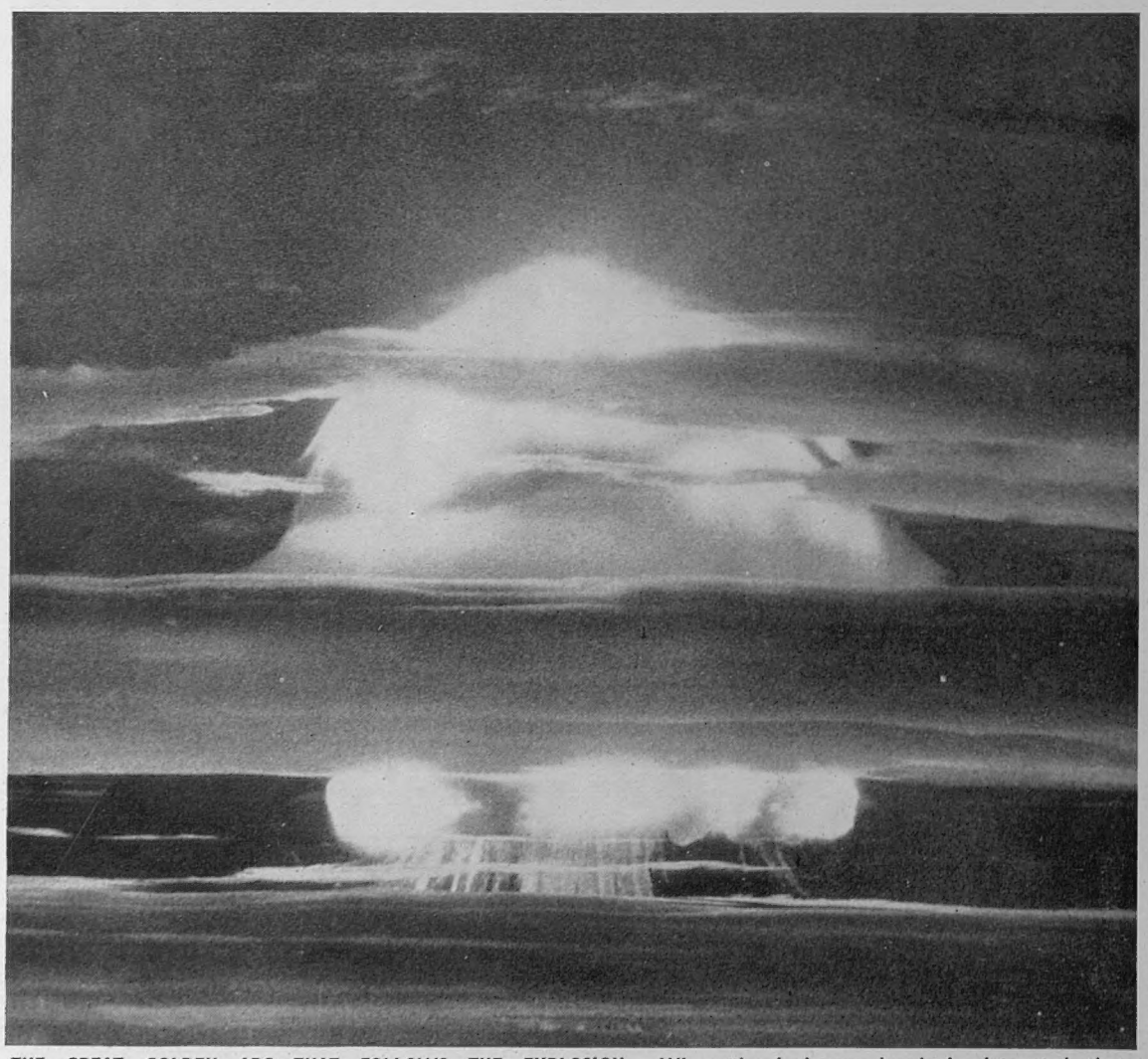
OPERATION IVY—THE THERMONUCLEAR EXPLOSION IN THE PACIFIC: The great fireball rising up beyond the clouds shortly after the explosion at Eniwetok atoll, in th Marshall Islands, in November 1952. At the time this explosion had the greatest destructive effects ever noted from a single explosion device. But the tests that too place last month revealed an even greater power. The "yield" of the explosion of March 1 was double that of the calculated estimate, and surprised the experts

THE EXPLOSION OF THE HYDROGEN BOMB

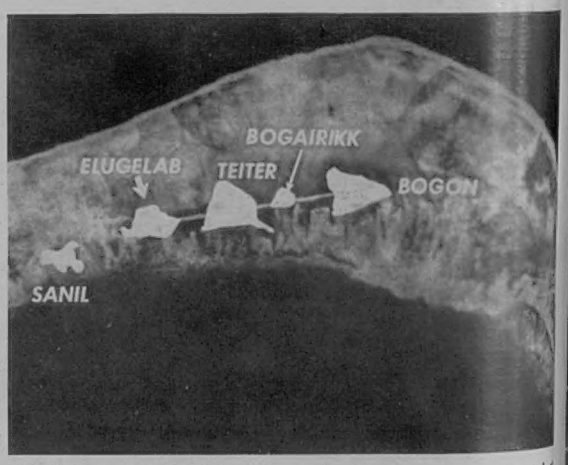
The First Pictures to be Released of a Thermonuclear Detonation in the Marshall Islands in November, 1952

There can be no doubt that the hydrogen bomb explosions in the Pacific last month have made a profound impression not only on the scientists concerned, but on the general public throughout the world. The explosion of March 1, which, according to President Eisenhower, surprised the scientists, was evidently far more powerful than anything hitherto experienced or expected. It is, however, denied that the explosion was out of the control of the scientists, and this in itself has relieved much of the public anxiety.

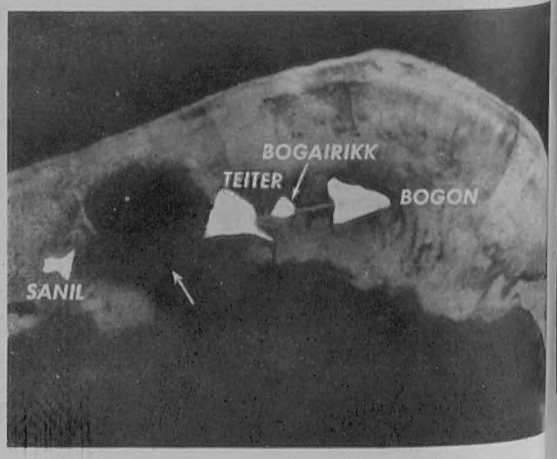
The pictures of the 1952 explosion, which have only now been released, and which were shown on television screens in England and in the United States, have brought home in dramatic fashion the awful magnitude of the hydrogen bomb. It was evident that no statesman could afford to ignore the implications of last month's explosions. Sir Winston Churchill, indeed, told the House of Commons that he was in almost hourly touch with Washington to keep up with the latest developments. A full-scale debate was held in Parliament, and President Eisenhower spoke to the American nation. Coinciding with the news of the explosions came a remarkable offer by the Soviet Union to consider joining the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. This is not being taken very seriously at the moment, but the Russian offer is so strange that it may have far-reaching implications which could lead to an easing of world tension. The hydrogen bomb as a weapon of destruction has become so frightening that East and West may well find it impossible to postpone their attempts to find a way of living together, or to spurn any tentative moves towards a peaceful solution.



THE GREAT GOLDEN ARC THAT FOLLOWS THE EXPLOSION: When the hydrogen bomb is detonated there is a brilliant white flash, which quickly widens into a golden semi-circle. The water, some of which is seen as it is sucked from the sea, takes on a reddish hue. Within two minutes the vast nuclear cloud is formed.



AN ISLAND DISAPPEARS: *Above*—Elugelab, which housed t explosive device, is seen in the aerial photograph, wit the coral reef of Eniwetok atoll. *Below*—The atoll af the explosion. Elugelab had completely disappear leaving a crater one mile wide and 175 ft. deep. T island was, however, little more than a firm sand ba



FURTHER STAGES IN THE EXPLOSION OF THE HYDROGEN BOMB: *Above*—The stem of the cloud can be clearly seen forcing its way upwards as the cloud itself begins its dispersal. On this occasion it extended over 100 miles. In the explosion of March 1 areas as far as 800 miles from the site of the explosion were affected by radiation. *Below*—The dispersal of the great cloud, which is composed of very hot gases. In this explosion it was assumed that everything was annihilated within a radius of three miles, and that quite heavy damage was done up to ten miles away. This, however, does not take into account the far-reaching effects of radiation.

FRANCE'S SENIOR MINISTERS GET A ROUGH HANDLING

Demonstrators, Angry at the recent Sacking of Marshal Juin, Gave MM. Laniel and Pleven a Rough Reception in Paris

Last Sunday saw in Paris a particularly hostile demonstration against the Premier, M. Laniel, and his Defence Minister, M. Pleven. The occasion was a ceremony at the Arc de Triomphe to honour the dead of the Indo-China war; the cause of the demonstration was the recent sacking of Marshal Juin and the great anxiety over Indo-China. The French forces out there have suffered 104,000 casualties during the seven years of fighting.

Marshal Juin had been dismissed from all his French military posts a few days earlier ostensibly for refusing to answer a summons from M. Laniel asking him to explain his speech against the European Defence Community plans. This speech, the real reason for his dismissal, was very critical of the E.D.C. Treaty, now awaiting ratification by the National Assembly, and of its proposed methods of effecting German rearmament. Marshal Juin, besides holding various French posts, was, at the time of his dismissal, Allied Commander for Central Europe under General Gruenther, Supreme Commander of the N.A.T.O. forces. Now that the French Government have so emphatically expressed their lack of confidence in him, it is unlikely that he will keep his N.A.T.O. post.

It was against this background of resentment about Juin and worry over Indo-China, where the key post of Dien Bien Phu was taking a terrible battering from Viet-Minh, that the demonstration erupted after the wreath-laying at the Arc de Triomphe. There were shouts of "Send Pleven to Dien Bien Phu" and continued shouts of "Vive Juin." Both Ministers were roughly handled before the police got them to the safety of their cars.

FRANCE'S DEFENCE MINISTER SURROUNDED BY ANGRY DEMONSTRATORS: M. René Pleven, the Defence Minister, hatless and with glasses and a moustache, can be seen in the centre of the picture. He had been with the Prime Minister, M. Laniel, to lay a wreath for the dead of the Indo-China war at the foot of the Arc de Triomphe. There they were roughly handled by a crowd demonstrating against the dismissal of Marshal Juin.

AN INDO-CHINA VETERAN BRANDISHES HIS FIST UNDER M. PLEVEN'S NOSE: M. Pleven lost his hat and, later, his spectacles; he also had his face slapped and his hair pulled. Police eventually managed to get him to his car.

THE PREMIER PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD: Grim-faced M. Laniel is being escorted to a police car instead of his own. He was kicked in the back and at one time lifted off his feet while the police were struggling to help him. The crowd were mainly Gaullists, Royalists and members of other Right-Wing groups.

THE PRETEXT FOR THE DEMONSTRATION: Marshal Juin, whose sacking by M. Laniel so angered the demonstrators, is seen here at the Gare de Lyons welcoming his son, just returned from service in Indo-China.

A SCUFFLE NEAR M. PLEVEN: The Defence Minister can be seen, hatless and with glasses, in the centre of the picture. There were shouts of "Will Juin be replaced by Von Stulpnagel?" Von Stulpnagel was the Occupation commander in Northern France.

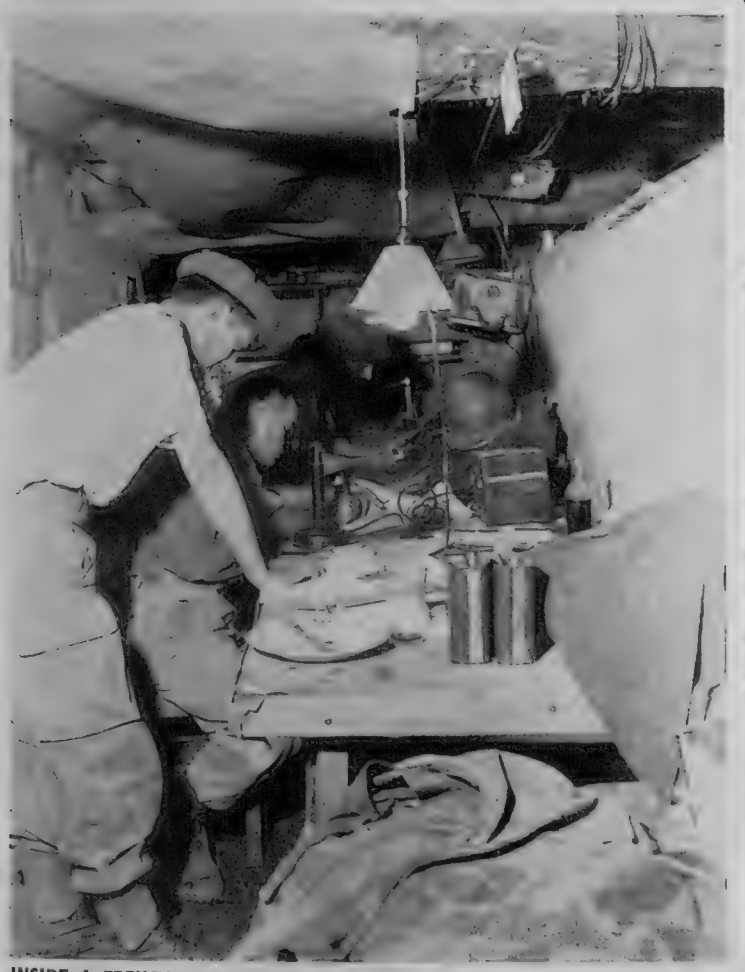
A FRENCH ATTACK ON THE ROAD TO DIEN BIEN PHU : Infantry of the French Union Forces attacking under the cover of a tank. While Dien Bien Phu was being besieged a local counter-attack took place on a road to the south, and a company of Viet Minh was annihilated. The long-awaited assault on Dien Bien Phu itself came last week. Preceded by intense artillery fire, the Viet Minh attacked the fortified outpost in strength. For three days and nights the fighting was relentless, and the Viet Minh penetrated the French defensive positions at a number of points. The commander at Dien Bien Phu, Colonel de Castries, decided to shorten his line, and thus the garrison succeeded in stemming the enemy assaults. After a short lull the Viet Minh attacked again, but this time they made no headway. Much of the success of the French Union forces in repelling the great attacks of the first week was due to the excellent support they received from the air force. Taking advantage of the excellent weather, French bombers struck hard at Viet Minh artillery and maintained a steady flow of supplies and reinforcements for the hard-pressed garrison. Oddly enough, there is keen interest in Germany in the outcome of the battle, for most of the French Union Forces who are defending Dien Bien Phu belong to the Foreign Legion, which contains a large number of Germans.

FROM THE INDO-CHINA BATTLEFRONT

A Local Counter-attack to the South of Dien Bien Phu; and Scenes in the Beleaguered Stronghold and in Hanoi

WRECKED BY THE VIET MINH ARTILLERY : On one of the airfields at Dien Bien Phu a Dakota stands wrecked while, right, is seen the burnt-out shell of a Morane-Saulnier. Throughout the siege of Dien Bien Phu one of the greatest problems for the defenders has been how to make use of the two airfields in the face of Viet Minh artillery.

GONE TO EARTH : A French soldier with a light machine-gun dashes forward to cover a crouching rifleman. This incident took place during the counter-attack south of Dien Bien Phu.



INSIDE A FRENCH COMMAND POST : A patrol leader is briefed during the operation against a Viet Minh company. After their counter-attack the French counted 175 enemy dead and captured a number of weapons.

THE WIFE OF THE COMMANDER AT DIEN BIEN PHU WITH THE WOUNDED : Madame de Castries, wife of Colonel Christian-Marie de Castries, at the bedside of a wounded soldier at Hanoi. At Dien Bien Phu, Colonel de Castries ordered his staff officers and cooks into the trenches.

FROM ADELAIDE TO PERTH

At the Close of the Visit to South Australia the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh Fly Westwards for Their "Open-air" Tour of Western Australia, Entering the State by Way of the "Golden Gate" City of Kalgoorlie

THE VISIT TO THE FRUIT-GROWING DISTRICT OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by local officials, about to take their places on the dais during the civic reception at Renmark. In honour of the occasion, the Royal enclosure was decorated with locally-grown fruit, the area being noted for its citrus fruits and vines.

THE QUEEN LEAVES PARLIAMENT HOUSE, ADELAIDE, AFTER OPENING THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT : In her speech from the Throne, in the Chamber of the Legislative Council, Her Majesty spoke about the progressive development of the productive resources of the State.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA IN PERTH : He is being shown a banded wombat by Mr. G. Sharman, a Nuffield Fellow. At the same time the Queen was attending a women's gathering in the open auditorium of the University. The tour of Western Australia began on March 26, but, owing to the poliomyelitis epidemic, special precautions (including a ban on handshaking) were observed and some alterations to the original schedule resulted in many more outdoor events than were originally planned. The Queen made her headquarters in the liner *Gothic* at Fremantle, and drove to and from Government House, Perth, each day, allowing a vast number of people to witness the Royal journeys. One of the first evening engagements was a reception in the floodlit grounds of Parliament House.

COMMEMORATING THE WAR DEAD OF THE WESTERN STATE. *Left* and *right:* The Queen and the Duke seen leaving the State War Memorial Park, where Her Majesty had laid a wreath. This was the only occasion when the Queen handled either a wreath or bouquet in the State. The official welcome to Western Australia was made in the desert at the gold-mining town of Kalgoorlie, the Royal visitors being greeted by the Governor, Sir Charles Gairdner, and by the Premier, Mr. Hawke.

H.M.S. "VIDAL" SAILS UP THE THAMES—THE NEW NAVAL SURVEY SHIP MOORED IN THE POOL OF LONDON: She is the first ship since the war to be designed purely for naval hydrography requirements, and is the first survey ship to be equipped with a helicopter flight-deck and hangar. During her brief visit to London last week, the *Vidal* was visited by Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and by Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, the First Sea Lord. The survey vessel has a length of 315 ft. and is 40 ft. across the beam. Some of the latest electronic devices have been installed in the ship for echo-sounding purposes.

THE NAVY'S NEW SURVEY SHIP

H.M.S. "Vidal," which Incorporates Many Modern Surveying Devices, Visits London

The new survey vessel, H.M.S. *Vidal*, is certainly a "first-timer"—she is the first vessel to be designed for purely hydrographic duties (existing survey vessels have all been converted from frigates); she is the first survey vessel to be equipped with a helicopter flight-deck and hangar, and she is the first naval vessel to be built from pre-formed sections at a Royal Naval dockyard. The keel of the ship was laid down in July 1950 at Chatham and she was launched just over one year later. Since then she has been completely fitted-out and has carried out extensive sea-going trials, and last week proudly sailed up the Thames, where she was visited by members of the Board of Admiralty while moored in the Pool of London.

Among the many items of equipment which have been installed on board the *Vidal* is a large process camera and a lithographic printing press, which will enable the survey results to be reproduced in quantity during a cruise. She also carries three survey launches which are equipped with echo-sounding apparatus. The helicopter, which is here proving yet another of its many uses, will be used for air survey work and also for the transport of personnel to land observing stations where it would be impracticable to use a launch.

TWO ASPECTS OF THE INTERIOR OF H.M.S. "VIDAL": *Above*—Three members of the ship's crew at work in the well-lighted chart-room. *Below*—Some of the equipment in the electrically-operated echo-sounding room. The ship will carry a complement of twelve officers and 145 ratings.

THE HELICOPTER AND ITS HANGAR: Ratings are seen pushing the American-built Hiller HTE-2, two-seat helicopter from its hangar on to the flight-deck, near the stern of the ship. The survey vessel has been so designed that the helicopter will have ample room to operate safely even in gusty weather.

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The Foreign News in Pictures

TROUBLES IN THE MIDDLE EAST

AND A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

THE SCENE OF ANOTHER ATTACK ON THE ISRAELI-JORDAN BORDER : Officials and reporters crowding round the entrance of a house in Nahaleen, where a man and his wife were killed when a grenade was thrown during an Israeli attack on the Arab village at night.

Racial and political feeling flared up again when a heavily armed Jewish military force made an attack on the Arab village of Nahaleen, near the Israeli-Jordan border. This attack, in which six civilians were killed and fourteen wounded, coincided with further incidents in which three members of the Arab Legion lost their lives. The attack on Nahaleen, reminiscent of the Jewish attack on Quibya last year, was the culmination of a series of border incidents which have heightened tension in recent weeks. Only a few days earlier it was alleged that the occupants of a Jewish bus, travelling in the Negev, had been attacked, and some killed, by an Arab force. And two nights before the raid on Nahaleen an Israeli watchman lost his life. It is difficult to confirm the claims of the Jordan and Israeli authorities concerning these incidents, and the United Nations observers cannot often apportion blame with any certainty. These events have, however, placed a special burden on the Mixed Jordan-Israel Armistice Commission, and it is therefore the more unfortunate that the Israeli representatives should have chosen to stay away from its deliberations on the Nahaleen incident.

THE COMMANDER OF THE ARAB LEGION WAS ON THE SPOT : Major-General Glubb Pas the British-born leader of the Legion, talking to reporters at Nahale A Jewish force of about 200 had raided the Jordan village, and was la intercepted by an Arab Legion force. A short skirmish ensued. The att has been strongly condemned by the United Nations Mixed Armistice Commissi

GENERAL NEGUIB SAYS FAREWELL TO HIS ROYAL VISITOR : The Egyptian President, extreme right, stands next to King Saud of Saudi Arabia at Almaza Military Airport, Cairo, just before the King left after his State visit to Egypt. Also in the group are, from left, Major Kamel Eddin Hussein ; the Rector of Al Hazar, Abdel Rahman Tag, and the Deputy Prime Minister, Lieut.-Colonel Abdel Nasser. Shortly after this picture was taken, General Neguib fainted. He had been suffering from strain and exhaustion. However, after being given an injection he went straight to a conference with members of the Revolutionary Council and civilian Cabinet Ministers. As a result of this meeting it was announced that the military regime would continue to govern Egypt. This meant that General Neguib's announcements during the previous weeks that political parties would be revived and that, following a General Election, the military regime would cease to function, had been superseded. This latest move in the political see-saw seemed to indicate a victory for Lieut.-Colonel Nasser and his young military supporters.

CAIRO DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST GENERAL NEGUIB'S DECISIONS : Following the announcement that Constitutional Government would be revived in Egypt, there were demonstrations in Cairo. When General Neguib announced a reversal of his policy, riots took place at the University

On left—

THE GREAT FLOODS IN BAGDAD : The mud brick dwellings of the poorer quarter of Bagdad inundated by the waters of the River Tigris during the terrible floods which caused great damage to the Iraq capital. Torrential rains in Northern and Central Iraq, added to the melting snows from Turkey and Kurdistan, caused the level of the River Tigris to rise to a record level of over 100 ft. In order to save Bagdad from destruction, many of the banks around the Tigris south of the city had to be breached. This meant that large areas of land were inundated. At the same time an outlet for the water which had accumulated south of the capital had to be found. Although this helped to save the main part of the town it meant that a new industrial suburb became submerged. A number of factories were put out of action, and one of the largest Army camps in the country had to be evacuated. Fortunately, the main bunds protecting the city held, and gradually the floods subsided. There were a large number of casualties, and thousands of people have been rendered homeless. The cost of the damage is believed to total about £35,000,000

BALTIMORE HARBOUR JAMMED BY CARGO DIVERTED FROM NEW YORK: Because of the New York dock strike, which has half-paralysed that port since March 5, Baltimore has been coping with the pile-up of ocean freight. Every available berth has a ship in it or is awaiting one.

The New York dock strike is the outcome of a struggle for the control of dock labour between the International Longshoremen's Association and a new dockers' union which has been started by the American Federation of Labour. For almost forty years the I.L.A. held the port in a vice-like grip. Then last summer, after a New York State Crime Commission disclosed that the union was riddled with corruption, Governor Dewey began a campaign to drive it off the waterfront. In September the A.F.L. heightened the pressure by putting their new union on the docks. When it seemed that the I.L.A. would strike, the Labour Board secured an injunction forbidding them from striking. To stage a show-down, they then withdrew their labour. Most observers now think that the I.L.A. has shot its bolt and that Governor Dewey will succeed in running them off the waterfront.

POLICE GUARD THE DOCK WORKERS: On Pier 14, on the Hudson River, a line of police guard A.F.L. dock-workers, who are loading the Belgian freighter *Lindi*, from attacks by members of the striking I.L.A. union.

THE DEFENDANTS IN A SWISS ESPIONAGE TRIAL: Left to right they are—Professor Andre Bonnard, a distinguished Greek scholar, Fanny Gerther and Charles Affolter. They are charged with passing on political information detrimental to Switzerland.

The charge arises out of the allegation by the Chinese and North Koreans that the Americans had resorted to bacteriological warfare in Korea and the American counter-proposal that an inquiry should be held by the International Red Cross. In May 1952 Professor Joliot-Curie, president of the "World Peace Council," apparently wrote to Professor Bonnard asking for information about the committee and its members. It is said that Professor Bonnard sent to Paris twenty documents giving personal details about the committee. The prosecution say the information was obviously political and, moreover, sought to convey that the International Committee of the Red Cross was an instrument of Swiss war policy. Professor Bonnard replied in an opening statement that he had been under police surveillance for seventeen years, but notwithstanding this he had sent the documents with which he was now reproached through the ordinary post. "If I am a spy," he said, "then I am a very stupid one."

PRIVATE SCHINE PASSES OUT: At the military police school at Camp Gordon, Georgia, Private David Schine, formerly Senator McCarthy's aide, is seen receiving his diploma from First-Sergeant Russell Bowles on completing his course at the school. Schine's Army service touched off a first-class row between Senator McCarthy and the Army. The Army sent to the Senate Permanent Sub-committee on Investigations a report alleging that Senator McCarthy and Roy Cohn, the Committee's legal adviser, had exerted undue pressure on Secretary of the Army Robert Stevens and Army counsel John Adams in order to get Schine a commission and, failing that, to post him to New York. Because the Army refused to grant these favours, they said that Senator McCarthy had kept up his fierce probings into the loyalty of certain soldiers. Cohn and Schine are the two young aides of McCarthy who startled Europe last year by their lightning tour to investigate Communist influences in the U.S. Information Services abroad.

AN OIL FIRE IN NEW JERSEY WHICH THREATENED NEAR-BY STORAGE TANKS: An aerial view of the fire which broke out on an extension pier at the Royal Petroleum Company's depot at Sewaren, in New Jersey. Firemen can be seen playing their hoses on to the blaze in an attempt to prevent it reaching the petrol and oil-storage tanks. Luckily, a brisk off-shore wind was blowing which helped the firemen in their task.

FIRE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

Over 1,600 People were Rescued when the Troopship "Empire Windrush" Caught Fire and had to be Abandoned off Algiers

Early on a fine spring morning the troopship *Empire Windrush*, formerly the German liner *Monte Rosa*, was about twenty miles west of Algiers. She was on her way to England from Kure, Japan, and on board were 1,268 Servicemen, 160 women and a crew of 250. With appalling suddenness there was a flash and an explosion in the engine-room. Flames and smoke appeared everywhere, and four members of the crew who tried to fight the fire were overcome and died. The ship was ablaze.

The master of the troopship, Captain W. Wilson, gave the order to abandon ship, and all vessels near by were asked to come to her aid. Everything went off very smoothly. The passengers and crew went to their boat stations. Women and children were the first to be placed in the life-boats and lowered over the side. Then some of the Services personnel entered the boats, and finally, when the rescue ships were almost alongside the troopship, the remaining men jumped overboard and clung on to rafts and boats until they were picked up. The whole operation was over within two hours, and hardly any further casualties were suffered. The fine weather and the calm sea contributed immensely to this.

The rescued passengers and crew were taken to Algiers, where the French authorities provided immediate assistance. The aircraft carrier *Triumph* took survivors to Gibraltar, whence they were taken to England by special airlift. There the military authorities provided soldiers, airmen and their families with clothing and money, and most of the passengers were sent on leave.

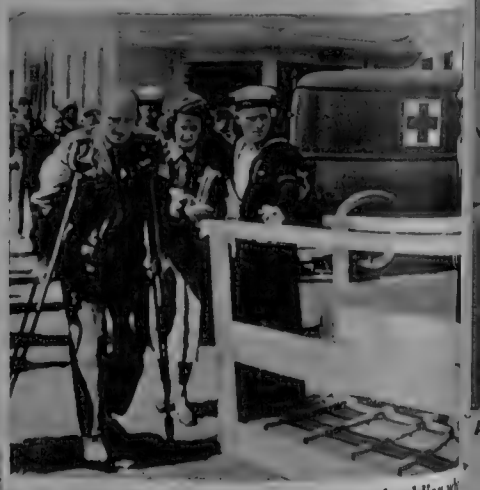
The *Empire Windrush* sank about eighteen hours after she caught fire. She was being towed to harbour by the destroyer *Saintes*, but the fires throughout the vessel were still burning fiercely. Mutilated almost beyond recognition, the ship suddenly lurched, her bows rising high out of the water, and by the light of their searchlight, the crew of the destroyer watched the troopship sink beneath the waves.

THE "EMPIRE WINDRUSH" ABLAZE NEAR ALGIERS: The troopship still burning fiercely after more than 1,600 people on board had been rescued. The *Empire Windrush* was about twenty miles west of Algiers when she caught fire. She was on her way to Southampton from the Far East. Four members of the crew died in the fire.

THE OLD TROOPSHIP IS ABANDONED: Passengers on board the *Empire Windrush* enter the waiting lifeboats by swarming down the ropes. Meanwhile, members of the crew are still standing quietly at their boat stations. The sea was calm and the weather fine, and this simplified the task of abandoning ship, which was carried out with hardly a casualty.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST: A lifeboat carrying families swings from the side of the burning vessel. All the boats were soon picked up.

SAFE AND SOUND AFTER RESCUE: Some of the troopship's passengers on board one of the vessels which quickly came to the burning ship's rescue.



ON HIS WAY TO GIBRALTAR: A wounded soldier who had been rescued from the troopship and taken to Algiers is helped aboard the carrier *Triumph*.

A PITIFUL WRECK OFF THE NORTH AFRICAN COAST: Her forward funnel blackened and twisted, the *Empire Windrush* lies forlorn in the Mediterranean. Later in the day she was taken in tow by the destroyer *Saintes*. The fire had still not spent itself; and it was finally, while under tow, that she sank gracefully beneath the waves.

ABOARD THE BLAZING YESSEL: A remarkable picture taken by one of the passengers. While flames and smoke belch forth from the forward funnel, a naval officer calmly walks to his boat station across the deck below. There was nothing but praise for the calmness shown by the passengers of the *Empire Windrush* when the order to abandon ship was given.

DRYING OUT CLOTHES ABOARD A RESCUE SHIP: Many of the soldiers dived into the sea when the near-by vessels came to the troopship's aid, and some of them were in the water for up to an hour. Before they were taken to Algiers, however, they did get an opportunity to dry themselves and their garments in the warm sunshine.

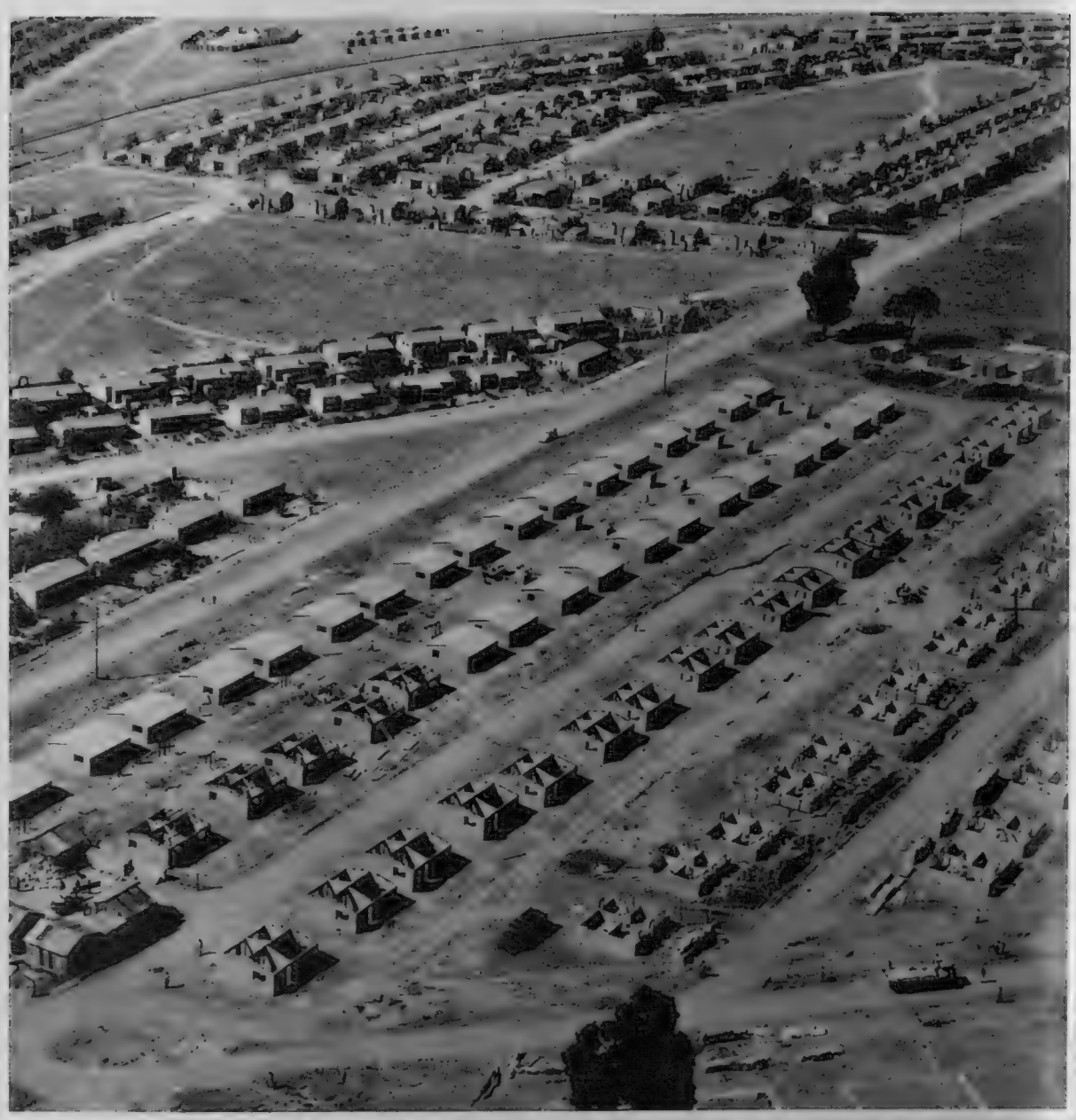
THE FIRST SURVIVORS REACH ENGLAND BY AIR: The first party of soldiers from the troopship walking from their aircraft at Blackbushe. Most of the survivors were flown home from Gibraltar and were given money, clothes and leave on their arrival.

JOHANNESBURG'S SLUM CLEARANCE

Mainly because of White Fear of the Blacks, the Natives of the Shanty Town are being Resettled

A NATIVE SLUM IN SOPHIATOWN, JOHANNESBURG: Africans who have left the reserves to seek work in Johannesburg have been living in these shanty-town slums—built almost entirely of old corrugated iron and similar junk—for years. Crime, disease and disaffection flourish there.

ONE OF THE BETTER NATIVE HOUSES IN SOPHIATOWN: The motive of the evacuation is racial, not philanthropic. All black people must go.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF MEADOWLANDS, THE NEW NATIVE TOWNSHIP OUTSIDE JOHANNESBURG: Under the Native Resettlement Bill now before Parliament the South African Government proposes to move all Africans from the townships of Martindale, Newclare and Sophiatown, in the western districts of Johannesburg, to a more spacious site at Meadowlands, several miles from the city. They will set up a statutory board to effect this transfer.

A SLUM IN NEWCLARE, JOHANNESBURG: The native slums round the city have been a social and racial problem for years. The city council's efforts to clear them have been frustrated to a considerable degree by rack-renting landlords.

A NATIVE BUNGALOW IN NEWCLARE: Many Africans own the freeholds of their houses. Despite this, they are being moved. The swelling African population round Johannesburg has been a source of fear to the whites for years.

Dr. Verwoerd, South Africa's Minister for Native Affairs, has just moved in Parliament the second reading of the Native Resettlement Bill—one of the most contentious issues to come up during the present session. It proposes that the entire African population of Johannesburg's western suburbs — Martindale, Newclare and Sophiatown—be transferred to a more spacious site at Meadowlands, several miles outside.

The slums of Johannesburg have been a social and racial problem for years. Africans coming in from the reserves to find work in the city have had no adequate housing provided for them. So they have built for themselves—or rented from others—what must be some of the worst living accommodation in the world. Their huts are built usually of old pieces of corrugated iron and other junk; there are no sanitary facilities, roads, drainage or other civilised amenities. Not unnaturally, crime, disease and disaffection flourish in these shanty towns.

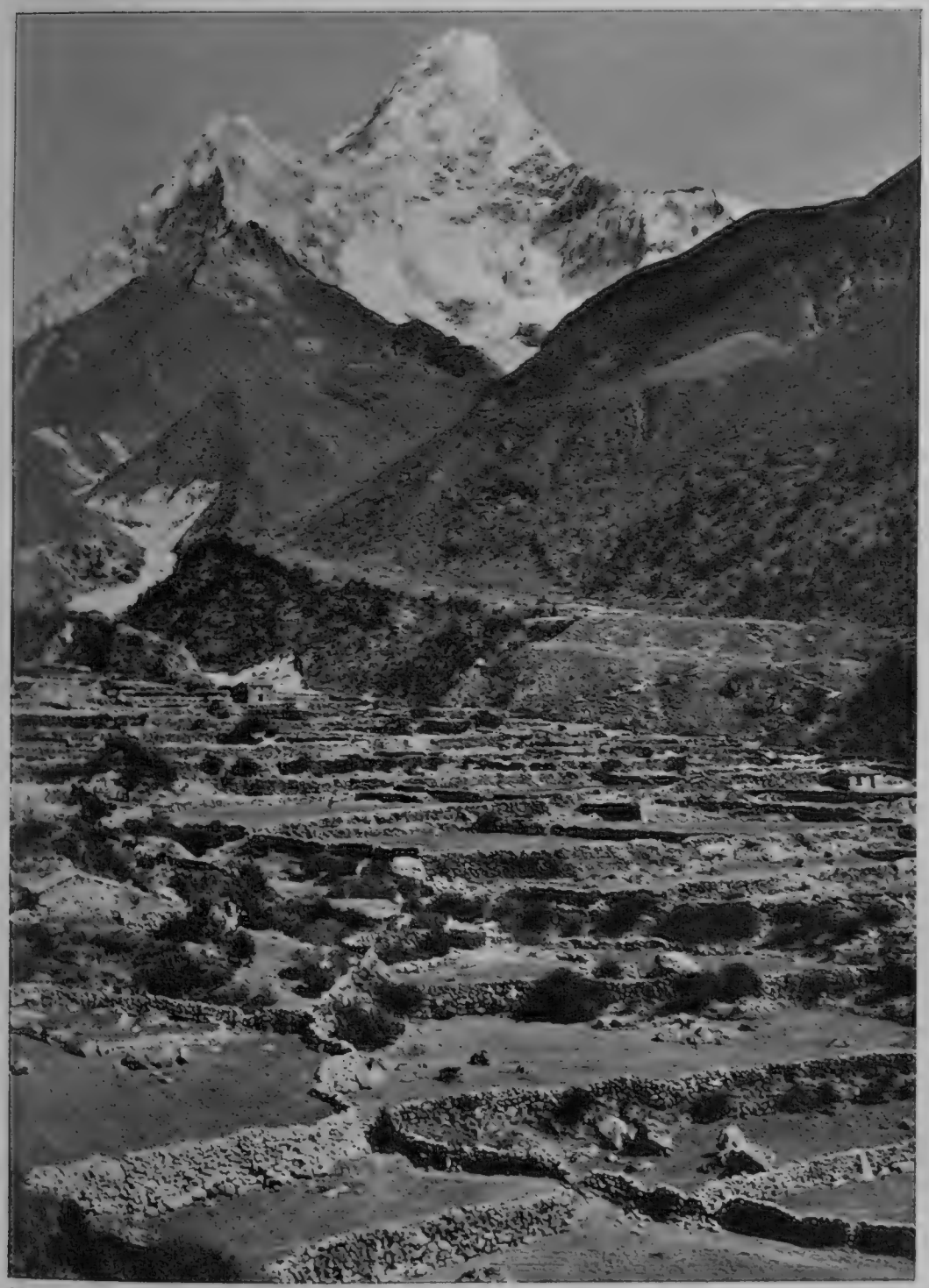
As far back as 1932, Johannesburg's City Council were trying to clear the native slums. But their efforts were constantly frustrated—in some cases by the slum landlords, who have been making vast sums by rack-renting these hovels. The majority of these landlords—charging high rents for squalid, overcrowded rooms—are Indians or Africans. But since the war the overcrowding, and consequently the whole problem, has increased considerably. The situation around Johannesburg is such that whites living in the centre of the city feel themselves encircled by a menace that might engulf them any day. The fear of the black races which obsesses white South Africa is the real reason behind clearing the slums.

Not all the African dwellings in the area to be cleared are shanty-town slums. There are many decent, brick-built bungalows which are owned by their occupiers; nevertheless they, too, are being forced to move, even though most of the house-owners also own the freehold of the sites of their houses. It is this proviso which has aroused the fierce opposition in Parliament of the United Party. They argue that the Bill infringes the statutory rights of local authorities, deprives people of their right to freehold property, compels the removal of people without seeking their co-operation, and empowers the Minister to remove people without requiring him to provide alternative accommodation.

The alternative accommodation being planned at Meadowlands consists mainly of four-roomed bungalows which would be let at a maximum rent of £2 10s. a month. Provision is also being made for churches, schools and shops. Natives will be allowed to buy their own houses in Meadowlands, but will only have a leasehold of the sites, not a freehold.

Already some of the middle-class Africans are complaining of the alternative accommodation offered them in Meadowlands. One native has pointed out that he at present owns a six-roomed house with his own suites of furniture, a radiogram and a motor-car, for which there would be no room at Meadowlands. The Native Affairs Department say that provision will be made for middle-class Africans who want to build their own houses.

THE HIMALAYA AND KARAKORUM RANGES WHICH WILL BE VISITED BY SEVEN EXPEDITIONS THIS YEAR: Sir Edmund Hillary's party will make a survey in the Everest area. Near-by Makalu will be attempted for the first time, by an American expedition. A small British expedition aims at Kangchenjunga. The Japanese will make another attempt on Manaslu, and the Argentinians are making for Dhaulagiri. In the Karakorum, an Italian expedition hopes to conquer K 2, and a German expedition may attempt Hidden Peak.



IN THE PATH OF THIS YEAR'S HILLARY EXPEDITION: The massive pinnacle of Ama Dablam (22,600 ft.), around which Sir Edmund Hillary's party will carry out work of an exploratory nature this year. It affords one of the most spectacular sights on the approach to Mount Everest.

THE HIMALAYA —1954

Seven Major Expeditions will Climb in the Himalaya and Karakorum this Year

BY HUGH MERRICK

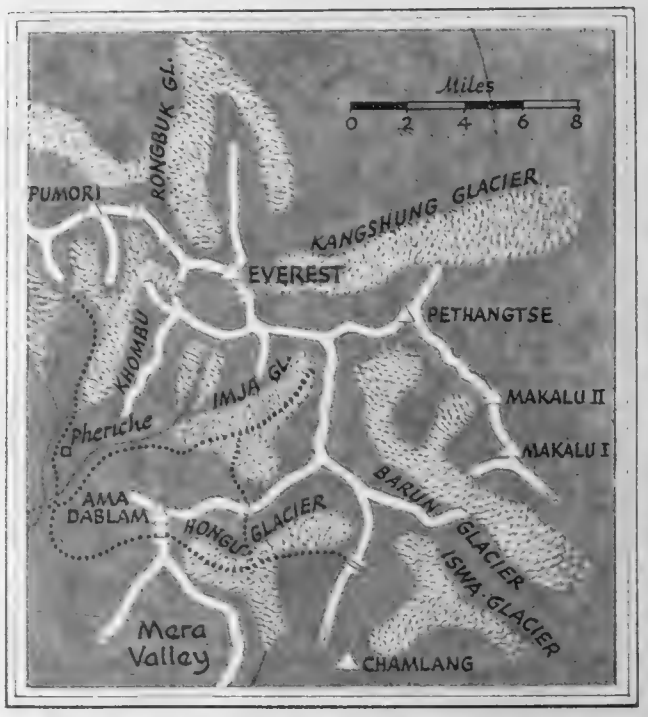
WITH SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS
BY VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

WITH the ascent of Everest, the supreme goal of all mountaineering might seem to have been reached—a kind of climb to end all climbing. It was almost inevitable that the world's highest peak should be among the first of the giants to be climbed; but this will certainly not mean a cessation or even a diminution of Himalayan, or any other, climbing endeavour. Subject only to the drag about their ankles of the economic factor and of the unfortunate political restrictions from time to time imposed, explorers and climbers will continue to be drawn irresistibly to the vast mountain expanses of the Himalaya and the Karakorum, where, over a length of 1,500 miles, there are literally hundreds of peaks, known and unknown, of over 20,000 ft. to be climbed and great areas of foothill, gorge, glacier and ridge still to be explored and accurately mapped.

The known giants of over 26,250 ft.—the "Eight Thousand Metre Peaks" of the world which measures metrically—are fourteen in number, ten rising in the Himalaya, four in the Karakorum. Of these only three have been climbed—Everest, Nanga Parbat and Annapurna I: of the others, five have been attempted on more or less numerous occasions and with varying lack of success. Kangchenjunga (28,168 ft.), the third highest in the world, has repulsed the most frequent assaults, none of which has succeeded in getting within about 3,000 ft. of the top. On the others, the goal has eluded all efforts by heights varying from 750 ft. to several thousands. Of the six never even attempted, Makalu (about 27,900 ft.), though only 12 miles from Everest, was not closely approached till 1952, and its magnificent ridges and terrible precipices remain untrodden; while Gosainthan, whose true Tibetan name is Shisha Pangma (26,291 ft.), standing remote to the far north of Katmandu and several miles into Tibetan territory, has till recently remained wrapped in the mists of obscurity. Then H. Harrer and P. Aufschnaiter, on their extraordinary escape-journey from a prisoner-of-war camp in Pakistan to Lhasa, recounted in the former's remarkable best-seller, *Seven Years in Tibet*, passed within sight of its northern flank. But it was not till 1952 that T. Hagen, the Swiss geologist and explorer, penetrating from Nepal, got within ten miles and brought back the first splendid photograph of the southern aspect of this magnificent mountain mass. The great Karakorum peaks whose approaches only have been reconnoitred are mentioned later.

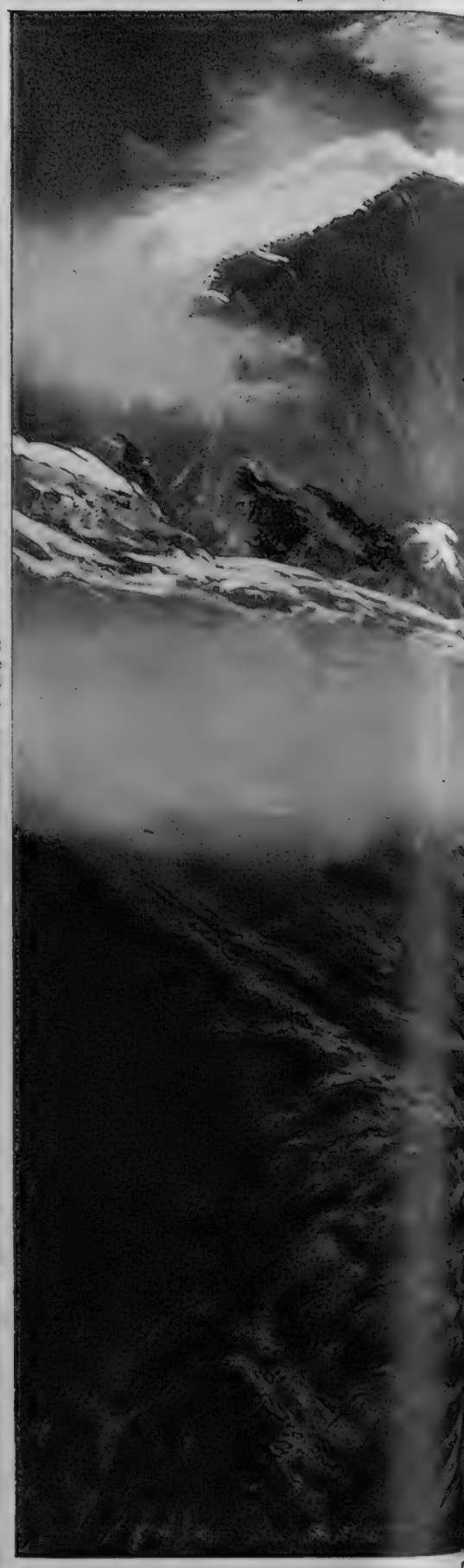
With this challenge from the great peaks facing the skill of organised expeditions, and the lure of little-known and ill-surveyed areas, offering the promise of less grimly-exacting sport for the more lightly-equipped explorer and mountaineer among innumerable "lower" peaks between 18,000 and 23,000 ft., Himalayan activity, subject always to the fetters of finance, is likely to increase rather than diminish. Indeed, there are already so many important ventures under way in 1954 that, as will be seen, incongruously enough, the queue habit is extending to these vast and remote areas.

(*Continued on page* 61)



THE AREA WHICH THIS YEAR'S NEW ZEALAND EXPEDITION WILL EXPLORE: The expedition, under the leadership of Sir Edmund Hillary, will concentrate on gaining cartographic and scientific knowledge in their survey of the area.

SIR EDMUND HILLARY WILL LEAD THE EXPLORATION TEAM: The expedition, organised by the New Zealand Alpine Club, will consist of eight New Zealanders and two Englishmen, and includes two Everest climbers.



K 2—NOW THE HIGHEST UNCLIMBED PEAK IN THE WORLD: The view of K 2 (28,253 ft.), or Chogo-ri—"the Great Mountain"—from the north-east, at a height of about 21,650 ft. above the Skyang La. There is a long, and sometimes tragic, history of attempts to conquer this terrible mountain in the Karakorum. This year Professor Ardito Desio is leading an Italian expedition to make the attempt to reach the summit.

ACCEPTED AS THE ONLY FEASIBLE APPROACH TO K The probable route to the summit up the "Abru Rib" and along the immense south-east ri of the mountain is indicated by the dotted li

ANASLU, WHICH IS RECEIVING THE ATTENTIONS OF A JAPANESE EXPEDITION : An impression of the 26,668-ft. mountain in Central Nepal from a photograph taken by H. W. Tilman during his exploratory expedition in 1950. It shows Manaslu as seen from the north in the upper reaches of the Dudh Khola Valley. The summit pyramid is obscured by the topmost cloud at the left-hand end of the plateau. For the past two years a Japanese expedition under the leadership of Yukio Mita have made this square-topped mountain its objective. Their operations have been shrouded in secrecy, but it is known that they have already reached a point about 1,400 ft. below the summit.

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To start with British enterprise, this year's New ealand Expedition—originally planned as a first attack n Makalu, till it became known that an American arty had already staked its claim—takes the form of scientific voyage of exploration, with the main object surveying and mapping the still relatively unknown ea to the south-east of Everest ; though a number of eaks between 22,000 and 25,000 ft. will probably attacked.

The expedition, under Hillary's leadership, will nsist of eight New Zealanders—six of them going out the Himalaya for the first time from the training-ound of their own splendid Alps—and two English-en, one of whom, Dr. Evans, reached the south summit Everest last year ; the other has a fine Alpine record.

The area now for the first time to be properly arted is that partly explored by Shipton's great 1951 econnaissance, which first penetrated the ice-basins of e Imja and Hongu, but had to turn back owing to ortage of supplies after obtaining the first exciting ar views of the tremendous western precipices of akalu, whose huge massif dominates everything to the st of the area.

In the following year, after the British 1952 expedi-on had failed in its main objective of climbing Cho Oyu (about 26,900 ft.), they revisited the Imja and Hongu glaciers, succeeded in crossing the pass which Shipton and Hillary had only reached the year before, and so for the first time penetrated the great Barun glacier. This they ascended to its head, passing close to the base of Makalu, whose apparently impossible walls tower above the glacier's eastern bank for some miles : later, after leaving the glacier, on the first descent of the Barun Valley and its terrific gorges, they caught backward glimpses, from high ridges, of the neighbouring Iswa Valley and the tangle of ridges and peaks above the glacier at its head.

This year's expedition, organised by the New Zealand Alpine Club, will concentrate on obtaining more definite information about the Iswa basin and its peaks ; the exploration of the parallel Mera Valley, to the west, leading up to the foot of the two great peaks of Chamlang (24,000 ft.) and Ama Dablam (22,600 ft.), though it is not intended to climb above 21,000 ft. here ; and a complete survey of the Barun Glacier, by the end of which the party should be sufficiently acclimatised, after some weeks at high altitudes, to make climbing attempts —without oxygen—on one or two of the area's great and difficult peaks, among which they have already cast longing eyes on the magnificent ice-peak of Baruntse (23,800 ft.).

Apart from the cartographic and scientific value of this undertaking, it is intended to provide its members with further Himalayan training and experience, with an eye to future attempts on the greater peaks ; and the opportunity will be taken to try out even more advanced equipment, incorporating improvements already made in the light of experience gained during last year's successful Everest campaign.

Among the half-dozen assaults on the giants, Professor Ardito Desio's Italian expedition to K 2 must take pride of place ; for now that Everest, the monarch, has at last been subdued, K 2 reigns in its place as the highest untrodden point on earth. (A German attempt had been planned, but the first claim of the Italians was substantiated and the Germans have had to look elsewhere while waiting their turn.)

K 2, the survey symbol which even the local Balti porters have accepted in its phonetic form of Ké-tu, has long been internationally regarded as the mountain's proper name, though there is strong support for a splendidly appropriate local designation, Chogo-ri—"The Great Mountain." Outmoded atlases still erroneously carry the name "Mt. Godwin Austen" ; for the Indian Survey has always set its face against "personal" names for the great peaks, with Everest as sole exception, and the name of this other great surveyor who, nearly 100 years ago, first disclosed the Baltoro region, is commemorated officially by a glacier

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KANGCHENJUNGA, THE COLOSSAL MOUNTAIN MASS WHOSE FIVE SUMMITS REMAIN UNAPPROACHED: This view of the mountain, clearly showing the north-east spur, is from a point overlooking the Zemu Glacier. Kangchenjunga (28,145 ft.) is the third highest mountain in the world, being barely 100 ft. lower than K 2. Since it was first reconnoitred fifty-five years ago, its treacherous glaciers and avalanches have prevented successive expeditions from finding a way up. In 1931 a German expedition following the north-east spur, reached a height of 25,250 ft., and that is the highest point yet reached. This year a small British expedition is going out to the mountain

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at the foot of the peak, but not by the peak itself.

Chogo-ri is indeed a great and terrible mountain, 28,253 ft. high, rising in an enormously steep wedge of rock and ice more than 10,000 ft. above the Godwin Austen Glacier, at the far northern end of the forty-mile long Baltoro ice-stream in the Karakorum.

An exacting standard of rock- and ice-technique is demanded by the route which has become accepted, over the years, as the only feasible approach—the "Abruzzi Rib," from the glacier to the 25,394-ft. shoulder and thence by the technically difficult south-east ridge to the base of the Summit Pyramid (27,000 ft.), protected on one side by formidable rock-cliffs, on the other by a huge ice-bulge threatening the terrace below it with ice avalanches, an unusual feature at so great a height.

But the route has by now been so well trodden by successive expeditions, mainly American, that what the Duke of Abruzzi's Alpine guides found impossible in 1909 was overcome in 1938; and the fearsome difficulties of the enormously long ridge above have gradually become so familiar that sectors, on which no Sherpa could at one time be allowed without a sahib in front and another behind on the rope, have since been traversed with amazing speed and skill by ropes of unaccompanied Sherpas. The gradual and notable advance in the mountaineering accomplishments of the Sherpas is, of course, another factor in reducing the difficulties of this, as of every other, peak.

A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF STATELY MAKALU: On the left is Chomolonzo, and towering behind it is Makalu (27,900 ft.). The Himalayan Committee picture was taken by Colonel Howard Bury, during the original Everest Reconnaissance of 1921, from a 21,000-ft. peak above the Kama Valley, in Tibet. This year the mountain will be attempted for the first time by an American team

Indeed, in 1938 Dr. Charles Houston's strong American party were within an ace of success, having reached a point only about 2,000 ft. below the summit. It may never perhaps be known how much high-altitude deterioration and oxygen shortage influenced the decision then taken—by fit men, in gloriously fine weather and with an assault on the summit pyramid apparently well within range of their powers and supplies, the summit perhaps at their mercy. But, on the grounds that the longstanding settled weather could not be expected to continue and that retreat down the great length of difficult ridge in bad weather conditions would be an unacceptable risk, they decided to withdraw. They reached base camp fit and in good order, but sad at heart indeed; for the weather, with a few short interruptions, continued exceptionally and, in retrospect, maddeningly fine.

In the following year, during another American venture, building on the knowledge and experience of its predecessors, F. Wiessner, the leader of the expedition, and a Sherpa reached an even higher point, only 750 ft. below the top. This time the summit seemed definitely at the mercy of the assault party; but at the critical moment an unfortunate lack of cohesion between its members led to sudden and dire disaster. A nervous Sherpa started a rumour that the summit party had perished high on the mountain. Through a sad miscalculation or misunderstanding, the well-stocked camps down the ridge were evacuated, the well-planned line of retreat cut. Wolfe, one of the American climbers, died in one of the highest camps, and three gallant Sherpas, unaccompanied by a single sahib, perished in a heroic rescue attempt; Wiessner and his Sherpa band escaped with their lives.

Last year the Americans renewed the assault, again unfortunately with the loss of a climber's life; but on this occasion it was mainly atrocious weather conditions and the fact that a member of the party, Professor Gilkey, contracted thrombosis at one of the higher camps, which led to failure and tragedy. A courageous

attempt to bring the sick man down ended in his being swept away on his stretcher by an avalanche while the rest of the party were putting up a tent to shelter him overnight.

Professor Desio is a highly experienced explorer and mountaineer, responsible for the scientific survey of the Baltoro region during the 1929 expedition under the Duke of Spoleto. This year's expedition will no doubt be a strong one, soundly-based and well-equipped. Given one of the Baltoro's not so rare good-weather seasons and freedom from sickness and mischance, there is reasonable hope that the summit will be reached—especially should the intention be to use oxygen, not previously employed on this mountain, but which may well be a decisive factor on all peaks of over 27,000 ft., as it proved on Everest.

A small British party is going out to the world's third highest peak, Kangchenjunga (28,145 ft., only 100 ft. lower than K2), which provides such an incomparable spectacle at only fifty miles from Darjeeling. This colossal mountain mass, with its five distinct summits, its four-mile-long ridges and its three notorious ice terraces, from which devastating ice avalanches are liable to break off at any moment, has defied all attempts to find a way up since Freshfield first reconnoitred its approaches in 1899. In 1929 and 1931 it took very strong German parties six weeks to hack a perilous way up the north-east spur—so far the only apparent route on to the upper part of the mountain—to a height of 25,250 ft., leaving the last 3,000 ft. unclimbed. This remains the highest point reached on this mountain; it may well remain so at the end of 1954.

THE OBJECT OF THE ARGENTINE EXPEDITION—DHAULAGIRI: This is the view obtained by the French expedition of 1950, which failed to find a way to the peak. It shows, as seen from the east across the Kali Gandaki Valley, Dhaulagiri (26,811 ft.), and (on right) Tukucha. Last year a Swiss expedition, by dint of some sensational rock climbing, reached a height of 25,250 ft. This year an Argentine expedition with experience of the Andes will attempt to improve on that height.

As has been said before, Makalu, the great 27,900-ft. wedge which lifts twelve miles east of Everest to claim fourth place in the world's rankings, is at last to be attempted—by the Americans. So far it has not even been established whether either of the seemingly possible lines of attack is a practical proposition. It remains to be seen whether the first party actually to set foot on the gigantic ridges and terrific precipices of this glorious pyramid of ice and pale rock will find them as inaccessible as they have hitherto looked to all observers from far or near.

Dhaulagiri (26,811 ft.), which disputes with Cho Oyu the sixth place among the world's high peaks, is also to be attacked. An Argentine expedition, turning its back on the challenging array of snow peaks, both climbed and unclimbed, in the Andes, ranging from 20,000 ft. to Aconcagua's 23,000-ft. summit, are to make this year's attempt. This huge mountain was entirely unapproached till the French expedition of 1950 spent some weeks in reconnoitring its enormous rock-walls and fantastically crevassed glaciers, before abandoning all hope of even effecting a lodgment on its higher ridges or faces and turning their thwarted attention to Annapurna I (26,504 ft.). (It will be recalled that their success on that icy peak—the first summit of over 26,000 ft. ever to be scaled—was achieved at bitter cost, several members of the party losing limbs, and almost their lives, through exposure and frostbite.)

Last year, however, a Swiss expedition proved the French assessment of Dhaulagiri's inaccessibility somewhat wide of the mark; for, uncovering the correct approach, they not only forced their way on to the base of the colossal north-west ridge, but by a piece of hair-raising rock-climbing on the face above it, which at that altitude must have touched the fringe of the impossible, attained a height of 25,250 ft., only 1,550 ft. below the summit. It is a question whether the Argentinians will find it possible, as has so often happened before in the history of Himalayan climbing, to go even higher, on the impetus of an exceedingly strong Swiss effort. A particularly interesting point is that oxygen was used by the Swiss on the final stage of their climb, which, coincidentally, took place on the day Everest was conquered.

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THE SPIRES OF THE GASHERBRUM GROUP IN THE KARAKORUM: Towering 7,000 ft. above its western glacier is Gasherbrum IV, as seen from the west in the evening light. This 26,180-ft. mountain—"the Shining Wall"—is said to give its name to the rest of the Gasherbrum group, part of which can be seen beyond. One of these mountains, Hidden Peak (26,470 ft.), is the object of a German expedition this year. In 1936 a French expedition reached a height of 22,600 ft. on this mountain. This has so far been the only serious attempt to climb any of the six Gasherbrum peaks, which were reconnoitred by Professor Dyhrenfurth's 1934 International Himalaya Expedition.

GOSAINTHAN, THE UNEXPLORED GIANT OF THE HIMALAYA RANGE: This impression is based on the first close-up photograph of the mountain's southern aspect, which will appear in Professor G. O. Dyhrenfurth's forthcoming book, *The Third Pole*. The picture was taken in 1952 by the Swiss geologist, T. Hagen, from a point 18,000 ft. high to the south-west of the mountain and above the Tangu Pu Glacier. Gosainthan (26,291 ft.), whose Tibetan name is Shisha Pangma, stands several miles inside Tibetan territory. Until recently little was known about the mountain, and even now no mountaineer has been nearer than ten miles to it.

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Another of the fourteen giant peaks, about whose site and structure nothing was known until H. W. Tilman's exploratory journey into the Central Nepal Himalaya in 1950, is the 26,668-ft. Manaslu, sometimes known by its Tibetan name of Kutang. With its elongated snow-ridge sweeping up to a flat-topped snow plateau, from whose eastern end rises a relatively small summit cone, this remarkable square-headed block of snow and ice wears a more approachable look than most of the Himalayan giants; but this may be deceptive, for no mountain of this height can be anything but a long, hazardous and difficult undertaking.

For the last two years Japanese climbers, backed by one of the great dailies of Japan, have made Manaslu their objective. Their operations have so far been carried out under a heavy cloak of secrecy; but it is known that, after a thorough exploration of the area to the north of the Annapurna Himal on their way to the peak in 1952, last year's determined assault under Yukio Mita reached a height of about 25,250 ft., and so failed only about 1,400 ft. below the summit. It is now known that they are going to make another attempt this year, which probably accounts for their reluctance to show their hand till now.

It is unfortunate that political considerations have driven the Indian Government to close the Indo-Tibetan frontier region so thoroughly that all access from the plains to the south to the vast areas, explored and unexplored, of the Indian Himalaya is now barred. Garhwal and Kumaon, with their lovely valleys, tremendous gorges and innumerable unclimbed peaks, ranging from good Alpine standard to Kamet (25,443 ft.) and the icy spike of Nanda Devi (25,645 ft.), are at present out of bounds.

When, in 1951, W. H. Murray led one of his lightly-equipped, mobile forays to the unexplored Api Himalaya, in the extreme north-western corner of Nepal, and therefore bordering on Indian territory, his approach route was made much longer and more difficult by the necessity of avoiding setting foot on Indian soil, where easier tracks lay tantalisingly across the bridges on the other side of the gorges of the Kali.

One result of these restrictions is that attention has inevitably turned to the great unclimbed peaks, other than K 2, piled up along the fringes of the Baltoro and its subsidiary glaciers in the Karakorum. Here stand ranged in glittering profusion, strangely at variance with the literal translation of their name—"The Black Rubble Mountains"—five more of the select company over 26,000 ft. in height and a host of only slightly less mighty summits, mostly unclimbed, some, like that prodigious rock monolith, the Mustagh Tower, almost certainly unclimbable.

Here, awaiting the attention of only the most experienced and well-equipped expeditions, are Hidden Peak (Gasherbrum I, 26,470 ft.), Broad Peak (26,400 ft.) and Gasherbrum II, III and IV, all more than 26,000 ft. high, a fantastic cluster of icy spires towering close together above the South Gasherbrum Glacier, one of the Baltoro's subsidiaries. Till now the only serious attempt to climb any of them was that made by the French Expedition of 1936, who reached a modest height of 22,600 ft. on Hidden Peak before bad weather forced them to retreat.

It is now learned that a German expedition is setting out to renew the attack on this second highest of the Karakorum peaks, probably by the route reconnoitred by Professor Dyhrenfurth's 1934 expedition. He leaves no doubt that, although there are two possible spurs offering a route to the high snowfields below the summit pyramid, the ascent of "Hidden" will be a tremendous undertaking.

It also remains to be seen whether the presence of two major expeditions on the Baltoro will, as might perhaps be feared, place too severe a strain on the porter potential of Baltistan and the Hunza. Indeed, with so many ventures of so many different nations in the field in one season, it is questionable whether even the considerable supply of experienced high-climbing and high-carrying Sherpas, without whose presence there is little hope of success on the great Himalayan peaks, will prove sufficient to go round.

To sum up, then. It is possible that 1954 will be marked by the ascent of K 2 as the climax of half a century's endeavour since the Duke of Abruzzi's Expedition first failed below the top of the great rib whose name commemorates a gallant attempt. Kangchenjunga is hardly likely to yield to this year's party: on Makalu the best hope can perhaps be that the way—if there is one—will be found. Manaslu, a far less difficult proposition, may well be overcome by the Japanese. Dhaulagiri, on the other hand, may once again ward off the most resolute efforts, this time by the Argentinians.

As to Hillary's New Zealand party, it may be taken for granted that it will add invaluable Himalayan knowledge and, it is confidently hoped, produce the first detailed and reliable map of the great area south of Everest, to which its activities are this year confined by the luck of the draw.

THE MEN WHO WILL ATTEMPT KANGCHENJUNGA AND K 2 THIS YEAR: *On left*—Mr. J. W. Tucker (left) and Mr. G. L. C. Lewis, who have gone to Kangchenjunga. Mr. Tucker comes from Blackpool, and Mr. Lewis from South Wales. *On right*—Professor Ardito Desio, Professor of Geology at Milan University, who is leading the Italian expedition to K 2.

EVACUATING THE WOUNDED BY HELICOPTER DURING THE BATTLE OF THE DIEN BIEN PHU: Wounded soldiers of the French Union forces are placed on board a helicopter on a landing-strip. At right a stretcher bearer is seen running from the helicopter after placing a casualty on board, while another soldier is waving a Red Cross flag. Everything is done to speed the departure of the helicopter before enemy shells can come down. Despite the Red Cross markings, the Viet Minh artillery often continued to harass the evacuation of casualties.

After many weeks of siege, Viet Minh troops last week finally launched their long-awaited assault on the French positions at Dien Bien Phu, in the north of Indo-China. The defenders had had much to contend with. For long periods they were virtually cut off from the outside world, for the heavy Viet Minh artillery fire made the landing of aircraft on the two airstrips an extremely hazardous and costly operation. The French Union forces were consequently chiefly dependent on parachuted supplies and reinforcements, and the evacuation of wounded by helicopter. Even these operations, however, attracted heavy shelling.

Dien Bien Phu, once the site of a small village, lies in a flat hollow surrounded by hills and jungle. Both the French Command and the Viet Minh rebel forces attached much importance to the area, for it opens the way to the Red River Delta and the city of Hanoi. Now it has also taken on considerable political significance. When General Navarre, the Commander-in-Chief, originally decided last November that Dien Bien Phu should be held, it did not seem possible that the Viet Minh would be able to maintain a long siege. However, with the diversion of Chinese war supplies from Korea and the building of a new supply route, the Viet Minh have not only been able to maintain relentless artillery fire on the defenders, but have been able to reinforce themselves with fresh troops for a final assault.

THE BATTLE FOR DIEN BIEN PHU

Evacuating Casualties during the Bitter Fight in Indo-China, while Supplies Continued to Come in on the Airfields Despite Viet Minh Artillery

On left—

ONE OF THE TWO LANDING-STRIPS ON WHICH THE DEFENDERS OF DIEN BIEN PHU DEPENDED FOR THEIR SUPPLIES: A smoke-screen protecting the airstrip from Viet Minh artillery observation while three aircraft are on the ground. Shell-holes, which frequently prevented the use of the airfields, can be seen all over the landing-strip. Throughout the siege and battle of Dien Bien Phu much has depended on the supplies and reinforcements which could be sent to the defenders. Unfortunately, the position of Dien Bien Phu, lying in a hollow overlooked by Viet Minh artillery observation-posts, made the two airstrips extremely vulnerable to the considerable artillery fire which the attackers command. The landing of aircraft became a considerable risk in view of the damage that might be caused to them. When the Viet Minh made their great attack on Dien Bien Phu last week one of their first actions was to take ground which made the maintenance of the airstrips impossible.

An Essex Knight and a 600-Year-Old Legend

The Discovery of a Tomb at Tolleshunt Knights, Essex, during Church Restoration Work, Helps to Confirm a Local Legend

During research work, prior to the carrying out of restoration work, in the tiny village church of All Saints, Tolleshunt Knights, Essex, three local archæologists, the Rev. H. J. Coker, Mr. H. M. Carter and Mr. Julian Snow, M.P., have made three notable discoveries. They have unearthed a second floor, 2 ft. below the existing one; a piece of Norman stone; and the tomb of the legendary knight who was buried in the church wall. The floor they have uncovered dates back to about 1700, so this will enable the restorers to reconstruct the chancel of the church as it appeared 300 years ago. The Norman discovery is a piece of moulding which, it is claimed, confirms the date of A.D. 1100 to 1150 placed on the church by the Ancient Monuments Commission. A fourteenth-century piscina has also been discovered.

Perhaps the most interesting of all three discoveries is that of the tomb of Sir Atte Lee, the fourteenth-century knight whose legendary life is woven into the history of the village. One version of the legend says that Atte Lee wanted to build a house in the middle of a wood, known as Devil's Wood, in Tolleshunt Knights. But as quickly as he built so did the Devil tear down the structure. Another story is that one night during the construction of the house the Devil visited the spot and confronted the builder who, when asked by the Devil who was there, replied "My God and myself and my three Spey bitches." This went on for three nights, and on the last occasion the builder misquoted his first answer. The Devil immediately picked up a beam, tossed it through the wood, and said that he should build the house wherever the beam fell. At the same time the Devil decreed that Sir Atte Lee, when he died, was not to be buried in either the church or the churchyard. To foil the Devil, Sir Atte was buried in a tomb erected in the church wall, half in the church and half in the churchyard, and the Devil, according to the legend, was cheated of gaining the knight's soul.

The stone figure of the knight, holding his heart in his hands, and battered by time and wear, has rested in the church for centuries. When the archæologists have finished their work, and the church is again equipped for special services, it will be restored to its original resting-place, which they have now uncovered.

The house of Sir Atte Lee in the Devil's Wood was rebuilt two or three times in the succeeding centuries, and it is said that about 150 years ago an old beam was discovered in the cellar of the house then standing on the site.

THE BATTERED STONE EFFIGY OF A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY KNIGHT WHOSE TOMB HAS BEEN FOUND IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS, AT TOLLESHUNT KNIGHTS, ESSEX: The figure is that of Sir Atte Lee, who died in 1385, and around whom a local legend has grown. The tomb is half in the church and half in the churchyard, and Sir Atte is shown holding his heart in his hands. The discovery was made during excavation work by the incumbent, the Rev. H. J. Coker; Mr. H. Malcolm Carter, of Tolleshunt D'Arcy; and Mr. Julian Snow, M.P.

SCENES INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE ALMOST DERELICT VILLAGE CHURCH: *Left*—Mr. H. Malcolm Carter and his wife seen at work in the chancel. Mrs. Carter is standing close to the stone effigy of Sir Atte Lee. *Right*—A heap of rubble stacked outside the church. Services at present are held in a local hall, but it is hoped that when the church is restored, the parish priest will be able to use it for special services. The village of Tolleshunt Knights is situated four miles from Kelvedon.

A ROCKET-ASSISTED TAKE-OFF FOR A BOEING STRATOJET—A B 47 STRATOJET SEEN TAKING OFF FROM AN AIRFIELD USING THIRTY-THREE EXTERNAL ROCKETS IN CONJUNCTION WITH ITS SIX GENERAL ELECTRIC J 47 JET ENGINES: The thirty-three rockets, each developing a thrust of 1,000 lb., are fitted on a rack beneath the belly of the aircraft and can be jettisoned when they have expired after take-off. They are in this way superior to the internally-fitted rockets which had been used previously in this aircraft, as they do not become dead-weight after use. They also develop greater thrust, and by providing quicker acceleration, the rockets will enable the B 47 to lift greater loads from existing airfields or to take off from airfields which do not have exceptionally long runways. This latter asset is of great importance, as high-speed jet aircraft usually require a lengthy runway, which limits the number of airfields at which they can be based.

ONE ENGINE DOING THE WORK OF FOUR: A Boeing B 17, a wartime bomber, seen in flight with its four normal propellers feathered, and powered only by the Pratt and Whitney T 34 turbo-prop engine which has been specially fitted into its nose. The engine is fitted with a specially designed propeller made by Hamilton Standard's, a division of the United Aircraft Corporation. The B 17 has served as a flying test-bed for this engine since 1950, and test pilots have reported that greater speed was obtained when using the T 34 by itself, than when the four piston engines were used. T 34 engines are to be installed on the Super-Constellation airliner, and the first of these is expected to be ready for flight by this spring. Fitted with four turbo-prop engines, the Super-Constellation will be in a position to compete with the British Viscount airliner, which is at the moment the only turbo-prop passenger aircraft now in service

ROCKET MOTORS AND TURBO-PROPS

Two Recent American Developments in the Field of Aircraft Propulsion

THE NEW ROCKET UNIT OF THE B 47: The thirty-three JATO rockets are mounted on a special rack which can be jettisoned after use. They are more efficient than previous rockets used in this aircraft.

LANCASTER HOUSE ON VIEW AGAIN

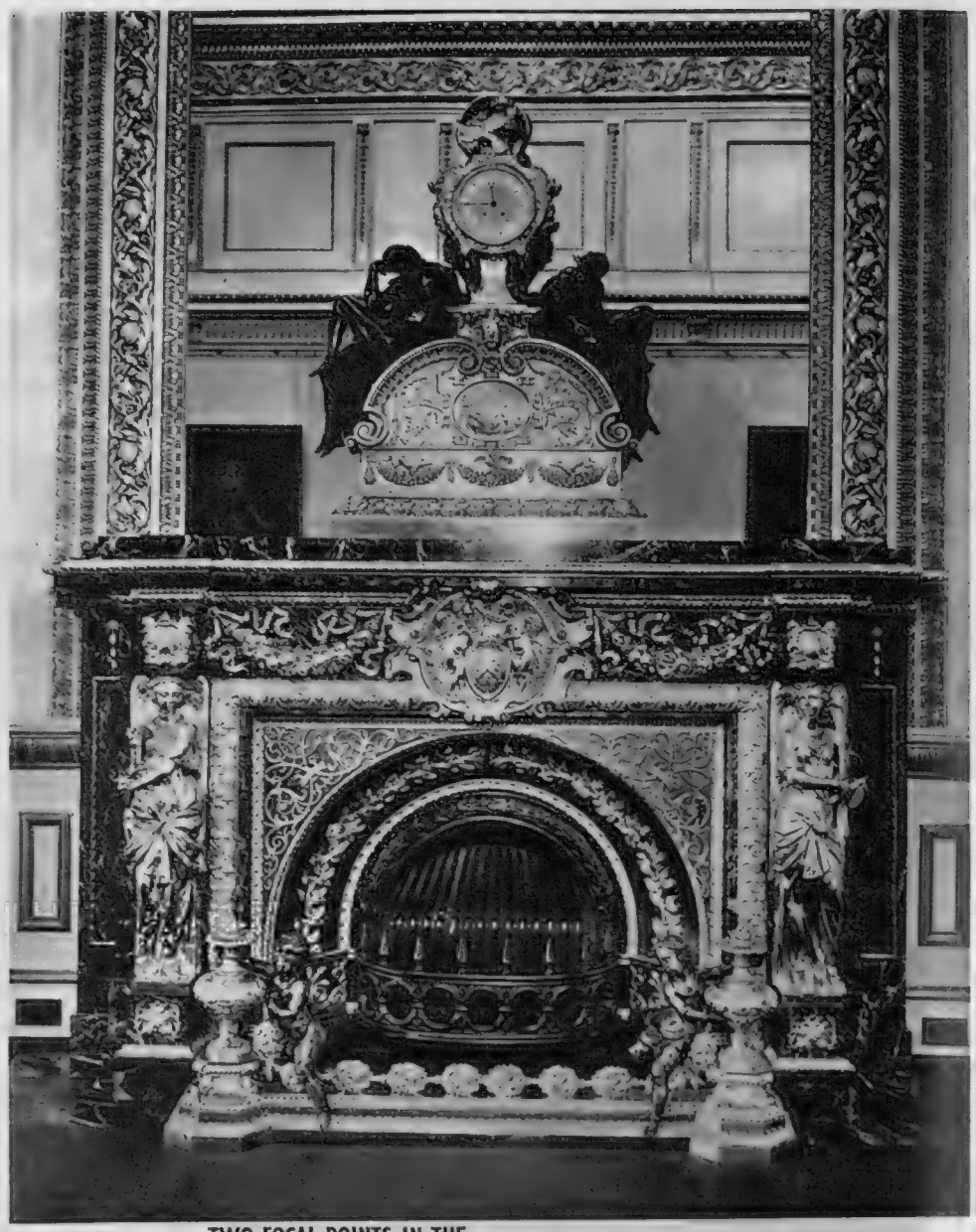
The Celebrated Building, having been Restored and Redecorated, and now used for Government Hospitality and International Conferences, Reopens for Public Inspection Next Saturday

Last year Lancaster House, famous in the reign of Queen Victoria as the home of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and the scene of lavish hospitality, was restored and redecorated by the Ministry of Works following severe wartime damage. The north-west wing was rebuilt and the rest of the house was redecorated to its former splendour, transforming it into one of the most magnificent period houses in London, and at the same time making it fit in every way to house the most important Government receptions and conferences in a manner becoming to the nation. Shortly afterwards it was opened to the public and throughout the rest of the summer and autumn attracted many visitors. Now, after its closure during the winter months, it is to be opened again in time for the Easter holiday.

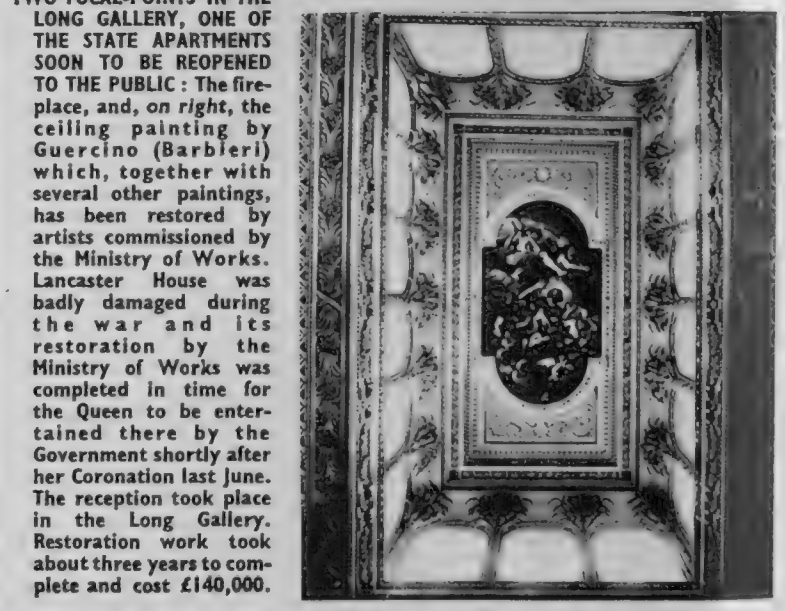
War damage repairs began in 1950 when the external walls were built in stock brickwork faced with Clipsham stone to match existing work. Inside, where the principal rooms on the ground and first floors were heavily ornamented in gilded carton pierre, the gilding was cleaned or renewed, while in places the silk damask was replaced with specially woven cotton damask. In two rooms the walls were covered with a specially-made wallpaper. This was produced from blocks which were made and first used at the time when Lancaster House was built. The furniture was refurbished in the style of the early nineteenth century.

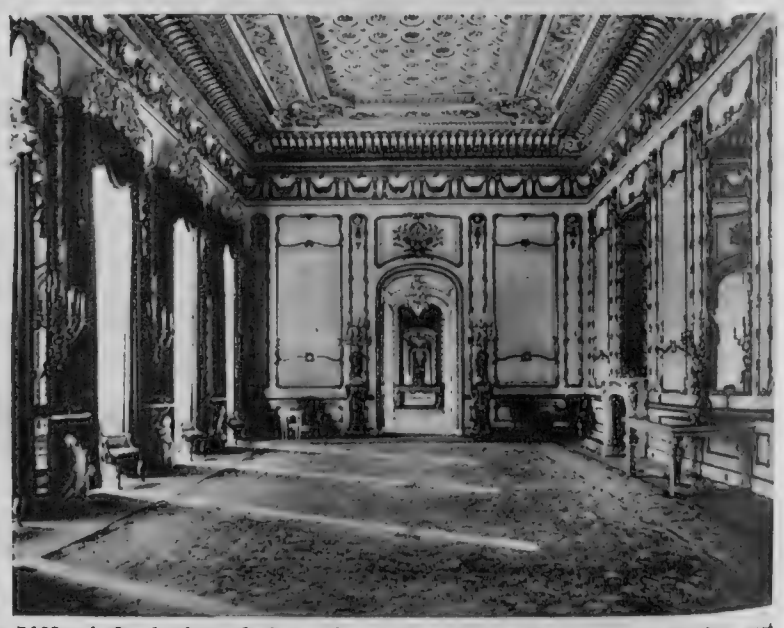
Lancaster House, comparatively plain externally, was begun in 1825 by Benjamin Wyatt, for Frederick, Duke of York, the second son of George III. Shortly after the Duke's death in 1827 the unfinished building was bought by the Government and a Crown lease for 99 years was granted to the second Duke of Sutherland. Later, when the house was completed, it was renamed Stafford House and remained as such until 1912, when Sir William Lever (later Viscount Leverhulme) acquired both the house and the remainder of the Crown lease. He assigned it to the Commissioner of Works in 1913 for the use of the London Museum and Government hospitality. It was then that the building assumed its present name in honour of the King's title of "Duke of Lancaster" and of Lord Leverhulme's native county.

THE SOUTH FRONT OF LANCASTER HOUSE: The State Apartments will be reopened to the public next Saturday and from thereafter on Saturdays, Sundays and Bank Holidays, until further notice, between 2 p.m. and 6 p.m.



TWO FOCAL-POINTS IN THE LONG GALLERY, ONE OF THE STATE APARTMENTS SOON TO BE REOPENED TO THE PUBLIC: The fireplace, and, *on right*, the ceiling painting by Guercino (Barbieri) which, together with several other paintings, has been restored by artists commissioned by the Ministry of Works. Lancaster House was badly damaged during the war and its restoration by the Ministry of Works was completed in time for the Queen to be entertained there by the Government shortly after her Coronation last June. The reception took place in the Long Gallery. Restoration work took about three years to complete and cost £140,000.





TWO OTHER PARTS OF THE BUILDING THROUGH WHICH THE PUBLIC WILL BE ALLOWED TO PASS: *Left*—A view of the main entrance-hall and staircase, showing part of the huge lantern light which, having been in a very dangerous condition, has been supported with steel; and, *on right*, the State Drawing Room. In the Green Room the damask lining has been dry-cleaned, and in the music room the chandelier has been made specially to the design of the Ministry of Works.

OXFORD WINS the HUNDREDTH BOAT RACE

A Decisive Victory for the Dark Blues after a Good Race

THE START OF THE HUNDREDTH INTER-UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE LAST WEEK-END : The Oxford eight, seen in the foreground of this picture, won the race by a good margin by excellent rowing, as they did in the first race, which was held in 1829, when it was rowed at Henley. Oxford was generally the better crew, and their cox, W. R. Marsh, steered extremely well.

THE TWO CREWS ABOUT TO SHOOT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE : Oxford (seen on right) at this point had a lead of only a quarter of a length, and it was still an open race. The time for Oxford at Hammersmith Bridge was 7 mins. 3 secs. Before the race, Oxford had won the toss and had chosen the Surrey side of the river, which gave them the advantage of shelter from the wind for the first one-and-a-half miles of the race, but from that point it was expected that this advantage would be lost. Nevertheless, Oxford won easily by 4½ lengths in a time of 20 mins. 23 secs.

On right—

A DECISIVE VICTORY FOR THE DARK BLUES—THE TWO CREWS SEEN AT THE FINISH OF THE FOUR-MILE RACE : The Cambridge crew can be seen well to the left of this picture. Both boats got off to a good start, and at the end of the first minute Oxford were striking 39 to Cambridge's 36, and the two boats were level. It was foretold that the greater weight of the Cambridge crew would tell in their favour when the heavy water was reached, but those who were foolhardy enough to prognosticate were confounded and Oxford, by superb oarsmanship, took the rough water extremely well, while the Light Blues found the going very rough and shipped water. Oxford had a slight lead at Hammersmith Bridge but it could still have been anybody's race. But from this point they steadily pulled ahead, and Cambridge, apart from one or two attempts to rally, gradually lagged behind.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

BRIGHTON CELEBRATES ITS CENTENARY; AND OTHER PICTURES OF HOME EVENTS

BRIGHTON PUTS THE CLOCK BACK AS IT CELEBRATES THE CENTENARY OF ITS INCORPORATION AS A BOROUGH: *Above*—A coach, drawn by bays, driving through the entrance to the Royal Pavilion, where a contingent of troops wearing uniforms of 1854 were stationed. On *right*—The soldiers take a brief break during the celebrations in the grounds of the Royal Pavilion. Although only one century has passed since Brighton received its Charter of Incorporation as a municipal borough, it is just over 200 years since the town was "founded" by Dr. Richard Russell, a physician from Lewes, who, by his practise of sea-water cures, first brought the town to general notice. Some thirty years later, George, Prince of Wales, later Prince Regent and George IV, paid his first visit, and since then Brighton has never "looked back." It was about this time that the Royal Pavilion, which has had so many varying opinions passed on it, was built from a design by John Nash. The centenary celebrations began at the end of last month and will continue throughout the summer season.

THE ABBÉ PIERRE SPEAKS IN LONDON: The French priest, whose work for the poor and the homeless in and around Paris has become so well known, even outside his own country, is seen on the left of this picture, at the rostrum. He was speaking at a meeting of the Parliamentary Association for World Government held in the Central Hall, Westminster, which was arranged so that he might tell Londoners about his mission. The forty-one-year-old Abbé, speaking in French, told of the great suffering existing in the world to-day, and said that to fight against it the helpers must live with the poor and understand their conditions. After his speech, he answered many questions relating to his work in Paris and elsewhere.

NOËL COWARD ARRIVES AT LONDON AIRPORT FROM N YORK: On his first night back in London, Co held a small party. He returned to this countr time to read the Press reviews of the second in ment of his autobiography, *Future Indefinite*, w tells of his work during the war years. In June, latest musical, *After the Ball*, will come to Lon

MR. A. R. THOMSON, R.A., HAS A HELPING HAND WITH HIS CANVAS : The well-known artist is seen helping to carry the canvas, which measures 26 ft. by 12 ft., to the Royal Academy. The painting, which, it is believed, will be the largest picture ever to be exhibited at the Academy, is called "Astronomy," and has been designed as a mural for the Science Museum at South Kensington.

ONE WAY ONLY ON VICTORIA EMBANKMENT : A view looking along the Embankment from Westminster, showing the road-work now going on there. The one-way traffic between Charing Cross Station and Westminster Bridge is a temporary measure taken while the Embankment's "new look" is extended westwards from Northumberland Avenue. Traffic travelling towards the City from the west is diverted into Parliament Square and Whitehall and rejoins the Embankment *via* Whitehall Place. Eastwards of Charing Cross, work on the Embankment is practically completed. A centre island has been constructed, thus converting the road into a dual carriage-way ; along the stretch which runs parallel to the Embankment Gardens, this island has been planted with shrubs. The public footpath has also been relaid.

PREPA[illegible]FOR ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR : A view showing t[illegible]ttersea Fun Fair, where work is in progress [illegible] to the reopening at Easter. The Big Dipper, seen in the background, has been given a new coat of paint, and many other features have been extensively redecorated. The Crescent Restaurant, Riverside Restaurant and Vauxhall Beer Garden are to be removed and a new restaurant which will accommodate 500 people, built in the centre of the Fair. The private company which now runs the Fair is paying special attention to attractions for children.

GENERAL TAKES THE SALUTE AT A NAVAL PASSING-OUT PARADE : Lieut.-General Sir Dudley Ward, the Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff, is seen taking the salute at the march-past of the cadets of the Britannia Royal Naval College at Dartmouth. It was the first time that a soldier had performed this duty for the College. Sir Dudley also presented the end-of-term prizes.

GATHERING IN THE CORNISH DAFFODIL HARVEST : A scene on the Cornish coast at Boskenna, near Penzance, where workers are seen gathering the daffodils which will later be packed and sent to markets in London and elsewhere. From the headland seen in this picture, Carn Boscawen juts into the sea. Daffodils from Cornwall and the Scilly Isles were in great demand at the end of March for the Mothering Sunday services.

"Pal Joey" in London

A NEW BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS; AND JEAN COCTEAU AT THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL

A new Rodgers and Hart musical was always a great event, and though *Pal Joey* was first performed in New York in 1940, Jack Hylton's presentation at the Princes Theatre is the first opportunity that London has had of seeing it. *Pal Joey* was one of the last important musical comedies before the advent of *Oklahoma* in 1943, which was to have such a profound effect on this branch of theatre, especially in America.

Pal Joey is the story of a young dancer to whom all women seem to be irresistibly and fatally attracted. This hero, Joey (Harold Lang), plays for, and catches, the attractive though rather older Vera Simpson (Carol Bruce), who is rich and married. For a while they live together happily: Joey's career is furthered and he has Vera's money, while Vera has Joey. Eventually, of course, they break up, but nobody seems to mind much.

This rather sparse story nevertheless contrives to give Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart the opportunity of producing songs in their best style. Some tunes, like "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered," are already well known. There are also a number of spectacular scenes and dances by Robert Alton, reproduced by George Martin. Jean Brampton, Lou Jacobi and Sally Bazely are in the chief supporting roles, and a lively chorus in and out of their costumes dances and sings with rare verve.

A SPECTACULAR SCENE FROM "PAL JOEY" AT THE PRINCES THEATRE: "The Flower Garden of My Heart," a lavish burlesque. In the centre is Gladys (Jean Brampton). *Pal Joey* is a musical comedy by Rodgers and Hart, which was first performed in 1940.

On left—
JOEY PRETENDS HE IS HARD TO GET: In this night club scene are, from left, the young dancer Joey (Harold Lang), Mrs. Vera Simpson (Carol Bruce) and Mike, the club proprietor (Arthur Lowe). Vera is a wealthy married woman who is fascinated by Joey.

On right—
"YOU MUSTN'T KICK IT AROUND": Gladys and Joey lead the Boys and Girls in the first song and dance of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The scene is set in a Chicago night club.

JEAN COCTEAU AND HIS ADMIRERS: The brilliant French dramatist is seen hemmed in by autograph hunters at Cannes, where he is President of the Jury at the Seventh Cannes Film Festival. This year there are many entries from Russia and her satellite countries as well as from the Western World, and, as no film voicing strong political opinions has been shown, there has been a remarkable amity between competitors from East and West. Great Britain is represented by three films: *The Kidnappers*, *Man of Africa* and *Monsieur Ripois*, the latter being directed by René Clement, who made the French film *Jeux Interdits*. Among the entries from the U.S.A. was Zim Zim, Boum Boum, a Walt Disney cartoon telling the story of musical instruments on a wide screen.

On left—
A NEW BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS: Kenneth Macmillan, who plays the part of the fool in the ballet *The Lady and the Fool*. The story tells of a Society lady who is surrounded by many rich and eligible suitors, but who falls in love with one of two impecunious clowns and forsakes her life of luxury for his precarious existence. The part of the lady is danced by Patricia Miller, who does not fail to grasp the many opportunities offered by the choreography. The second fool is played by Johaar Mosaval, whose stumpy figure contrasts vividly with the lanky Kenneth Macmillan. The score has been arranged by Charles Mackerras from music by Verdi, and the choreography is by John Cranko, a young man who is one of this country's leading exponents of this art. The very effective decor is by Richard Beer.

"WEDDING IN PARIS"

At the London Hippodrome, Evelyn Laye Scores a Triumphant Success in a New English Musical Play

There was a double come-back at the London Hippodrome last Saturday: one was a genuine English musical play, the other was Miss Evelyn Laye. Both were given a tremendous welcome. It is nine years since Miss Laye appeared in a musical, and her absence was due to the simple fact that no one had asked her to play in one. And English musicals were, until now, thought to have been effectively killed by the super-efficient American productions.

Miss Laye gave an enchanting performance, ably backed by Anton Walbrook. Evelyn Laye takes the part of a much-married woman of the world in search of a new husband. Anton Walbrook plays a middle-aged French *roué*, who is her quarry of the moment. There are, however, complications. The first half of the play takes place on an ocean liner and one of the passengers is a pretty little Canadian girl *en route* to Paris to marry her fiancé there. Anton Walbrook thinks a flirtation with her would be an amusing diversion; he is horrified when the girl takes him seriously. The girl is played with great charm by Susan Swinford, and Jeff Warren, as a sentimental journalist, provides the singing highlights. Altogether, *Wedding in Paris* is a glamorous production.

INTERVIEW IN PARIS: Evelyn Laye is seen dealing with reporters in a scene from the new British musical play, *Wedding in Paris*, at the London Hippodrome. The play opened in London to an enormously enthusiastic audience and was a personal triumph for Miss Laye, who has not been seen in a musical play for nine years—a neglect on the part of managements which was most forcibly brought home. It revived the tradition of English musical plays which, due to the challenge of American musicals, had declined.

THE STARS ON BOARD: The first half of the play takes place on an ocean liner, and here Evelyn Laye is seen with her co-star, Anton Walbrook. He takes the part of an old French *roué*, which he plays brilliantly and with great charm; she is his much-married girl-friend.

OLD BOY MEETS GIRL: Anton Walbrook, as Jacques Devallee, meets a charming Canadian girl (Susan Swinford) who is bound for Paris, there to marry her fiancé. As he prides himself on being a connoisseur of women, he starts a flirtation with her.

ALOOFNESS: Jeff Warren, who plays the part of Paul Chandler, a journalist, has no time for the smiling advances of Miss Laye. Jeff Warren provides some of the evening's best singing, though all of it is on a high level as is the acting.

MORE MODELS from BRITISH FACTORIES

In Britain the Trend is Away from Rationalisation, and More Firms are Offering More Models—Among Them the New Standard Ten

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE pendulum is swinging right away from the "one firm, one model" policy which a previous Government tried to force on to the British motor industry.

There are strong arguments in favour of rationalisation, including the benefit of lower production costs which always goes with large-scale output.

Look at the Volkswagen, for example. By concentrating on one model, this German firm has built up an enormous rate of production, and is able to undercut its competitors in many markets with a car which, in my opinion, is not as good as many people try to make out.

In Britain, however, the trend is away from rationalisation. More firms are offering more models. In some cases they are entirely new, but mostly they are variants of existing models.

The programme of the Standard Motor Company is an outstanding example of this trend. For a long time it concentrated—with great success—on the Vanguard. Then it introduced the Standard Eight. Now it is offering a new Standard Ten. This is really the Eight with a bigger engine, winding windows, a boot lid, a chromium grille and better equipment, including pockets in the front doors.

The total price is £580 10s. 10d. (£409 basic, plus £171 10s. 10d. purchase tax). This is £100 more than the Eight. By comparison the Ford Prefect costs £560, the Austin Somerset £637, and the Hillman Minx £667.

The overhead valve engine of the Eight has been bored out to a capacity of 948 cc. (9.9 h.p.), and it gives 33 b.h.p. at 4,500 r.p.m., compared with the Eight's 26 b.h.p. The Standard Company claims a top speed of 66 m.p.h. and a petrol consumption of 40-50 m.p.g. In announcing the new Ten the other day, Mr. Alick Dick, Standard Company chief, said 200 Eights are being built every day and that the combined production of the 8-h.p. and 10-h.p. models should be 300 a day by the autumn.

THE NEW "FAMILY TEN" WITH THE BIG-CAR LOOK: This is the new Standard Ten which will be for export only at first, but will be appearing on the home market towards the end of May. Price of the car (including £171 10s. 10d. purchase tax) will be £580 10s. 10d.

Ten vintage British cars will compete against ten from the U.S. in a rally which is being planned for next September. Each team will consist of five cars built between 1906 and 1916 and five made between 1916 and 1930. They must be capable of cruising at 25 m.p.h. and each will have a two-man crew.

This sounds to me like very good fun. Nothing like it has been tried before. The rally will start at Edinburgh on September 4 and finish at Goodwood eight days later. There will be a number of special tests during a run of 850 miles, including a hill climb at Prescott, near Cheltenham, and a one-hour regularity run.

A NEW "SPHINX" FOR THE RACE-TRACK: At the wheel of the sleek, speedy-looking car which he built at his father's Armstrong Siddeley factory at Coventry is Tom Sopwith, Junior, twenty-one-year-old son of the head of the Hawker Siddeley Group. Named the "Sphinx," the car is powered by a Sapphire 3¼-litre engine as fitted in the latest Armstrong cars. In addition, it has been "hotted-up" with three carburettors and other devices so that it gives 200 b.h.p., "with a lot still to come." When this picture was taken, the car was at Goodwood for the British Automobile Racing Club's members' meeting.

Remember my recent reference to the official proposal to "streamline" police court procedure with the help of questionnaires? The Automobile Association have been taking a close look at this idea, and they are not, I find, whole-heartedly in favour.

This is what they think, in the words of a senior official: "The scheme offers great practical advantages and an immense saving of time and expense, but we can foresee a number of objections.

"For instance, the Home Office Working Party advocates a form to be filled in by a defendant who pleads guilty but does not wish to attend court. This means that the substance of his reply will be known to the police in advance. In equity, therefore, surely the police should indicate beforehand the nature of the evidence they intend to call?

"Again, we feel the form should make it clear beyond all doubt that if the defendant intends to be represented by a solicitor all he need do is to say so. In that event, it would not be in his interest to give any further information on the form. On the contrary, he might well prejudice his position by doing so, and seriously embarrass the solicitor who appears for him.

"Take, for example, a speeding case: The defendant will be asked to say if he admits the charge. It is unlikely that he will know the actual speed alleged. The police in such circumstances will not quote this figure until called upon to give evidence and, broadly speaking, the higher the speed, the heavier the penalty. Hence the new procedure could well be to the serious disadvantage of the defendant.

"The next objection is that many motorists might be tempted to plead guilty to some minor technical infringement which has been alleged in order to avoid the time involved in attending court. And we know from the high proportion of dismissals obtained by A.A. solicitors in the 30,000-odd cases we handle every year, how important it is that all evidence should be fully brought out by cross-examination in court."

I have just made a quick trip to the West Country in an Austin Somerset drophead coupé. A long time had passed since I had tried out this "convertible" version of the well-tried A40 saloon, and I must confess I had forgotten how very attractive this car is.

The weather was fine and sunny, and as I was able to have the hood down most of the time I was able to enjoy some real open-air driving. The hood is extremely simple to put up or down, and when it's up the car is as snug as a saloon. It looks good, too, and gives the impression that it will retain its smart appearance for years. At £679 14s. 2d., including tax, the A.40 drophead coupé is a bargain.

Motorists came in for a lot of bitter criticism at the recent London Conference of the Pedestrians' Association for Road Safety. We can ignore the more ill-informed and the wildly prejudiced strictures, but we must admit, too, that there was a lot of good sense in some of the speeches.

I sometimes think there is a danger of many motorists becoming as biased and dishonest as their pedestrian critics in this matter of road accidents. We do our cause no service when we pretend there is not a great deal of very bad driving on the roads of Britain to-day. Only the other night, driving through Reading, I saw a Ford Zodiac being driven in a criminally dangerous manner. I was at the tail of a procession of cars approaching a traffic light showing green. At the other side of the lights the road went uphill for a bit and then turned left in a blind corner. The Zodiac came up behind me, lights full on. I waved him down but he took no notice, and roared past me and three other cars.

Over the cross-roads he went, on his wrong side, just as the lights were changing. He still had two cars to overtake, when a car appeared round the corner ahead, coming towards him. There was a mighty squealing of brakes and the car he was overtaking had to pull up dead to let him into the queue to prevent a head-on collision.

This was the sort of driving Mr. J. P. Eddy, Q.C., obviously had in mind when speaking at the Pedestrians' Association Conference. Mr. Eddy is Stipendiary Magistrate for East and West Ham. He said he did not feel that the powers which magistrates possessed to order driving licence suspension in appropriate cases were used sufficiently.

He said there was power to disqualify for one month on a first conviction for careless driving, and for three months on a second conviction. Yet in England and Wales in 1952, he said, there were only 678 disqualifications in 23,201 convictions for careless driving. I have no sympathy for the road hog who does the sort of thing I saw the Zodiac driver do the other night. He deserves to lose his licence. And because we unfortunately come across that type of driver almost every day, I, personally, have a lot of sympathy for Mr. Eddy's remarks.

At the Royal Automobile Club the other night Mr. Wilfrid Andrews, chairman of the club, was at the receiving end of an interesting presentation ceremony.

The Guild of Motoring Writers gave him a painting by Roy Nockolds of Mr. Andrews driving his 1903 Benz in last year's Veteran Car Run to Brighton. The presentation was made, at a dinner organised by the Guild of Motoring Writers, by its President, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. Roy Nockolds, famous motoring and aviation artist, is a member of the Guild.

The picture was given to Mr. Andrews, for display in the R.A.C., as a token of the Guild's appreciation of the hospitality extended by the Club to Guild members.

This year's touring rally to Sete, in the wine-growing department of Languedoc, has been fixed for July 9 to 18, and competitors will be in this charming old Mediterranean port for the Quatorze Juillet celebrations; which means that the rally festivities should be even gayer than last year.

The rally is being organised, for the second year running, by the G.B. Car Club. One of the principal awards, apart from 700,000 francs offered in cash prizes by the Sete municipality, will be the handsome challenge trophy presented by *The Sketch*. In staging this event the G.B. Car Club try to cater for motorists who have always had an urge to compete in the Monte Carlo Rally, but who feel it would be a bit too tough for them.

If you were going in a Hillman Minx and taking two friends, it would cost you about £34 each for the ten days. For details write to 60, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

The Automobile Association has just sent out to each of its 1,350,000 members a copy of its 1954 handbook. The Association has reverted to its pre-war policy of issuing a handbook free to every member each year, and the huge batch which has just gone out weighs more than 500 tons. The handbook is extremely useful and informative, and gives details of nearly 5,000 hotels and 6,000 garages.

Another volume which reached my desk recently is an attractive publication entitled *Our National Heritage* and issued by the National Benzole Co., Ltd.

It contains beautifully reproduced photographs of thirty-six beauty spots in the British Isles, and with each of them there is a little map showing the precise location of these scenic gems.

THE VOLKSWAGEN COMES TO LONDON: The latest model from the German factories, which has recently been on view at Geneva. The 1.3-litre saloon now has an increased engine size, 11.92 cc., which gives a cruising speed of 68 m.p.h. with 38 m.p.g.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever

The Schweppshire Way of Life

2. SWEATED LEISURE

"It is in the do of doing that the use of useless lies . . ." And for those who choose the descending moving staircase as their path in the race up the ladder of life, this dictum of our Exischweppsialist Philosophy will be self-evident. Cora Punt, at the age of eight, was able to recite page 72 of Bradshaw's Railway Guide backwards, and engrave the first twelve stanzas of *Don Juan* on a single piece of bread and butter. See, here, the difficult yet pointless Plinge-plonge, or Underwater Ping-pong. Though they lost their singles against the Latvians, our boys nearly won a game in the doubles and show real promise at this testing sport.

INSET. "Technically an interesting climb", said Major Colwyn-Bates, first up the difficult smoke-stack of this famous north country boiler factory. Air Marshal Plank, who organized the climb, told how the brickwork, though the smoke-stack was rotted with the fumes of typical smoke, offered scant foothold. "But the Schwerpas were splendid", he added, and all agreed that up to Ventilator 4, nobody could possibly have done without them.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

The World of Books

NAPOLEONIC PRISONER OF WAR

C. S. Forester Edits the Diary of John Wetherell; the Life of John Stuart Mill; Three New French Novels of South-East Asia

THE story of how John Wetherell, a native of Whitby, was press-ganged into the Navy to play his part in the Napoleonic wars; served under the brutal Wilkinson aboard the frigate *Hussar*, and how the ship, driving home for Ushant and the English coast, piled up on the dread Saints rocks of Western France, is a dramatic prelude, but only a prelude, to one of the most remarkable diaries published in recent years. C. S. Forester, the creator of Hornblower, has deserted fiction for fact in editing THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN WETHERELL (Michael Joseph. 18s.) and, in doing so he has presented to the world a document at once of historical importance and much literary merit. Wetherell was born in 1780 and died in New York some time after 1834. He left behind him an autobiography in three volumes, for long the object of fruitless search. It came to light a few years ago in an auction-room, and now Mr. Forester has taken the best of it, avoiding those passages which the author fair-copied some time after the events described, often colouring them with the aid of newspaper accounts. The diary opens with John Wetherell's service with the ill-fated *Hussar*, and shows the utter brutality which reigned in many ships of the British Navy, and, more important still from an historical viewpoint, the eleven years which Wetherell and his companions endured as prisoners of war in France, where, incidentally, they encountered more glimpses of decency and common humanity than they ever met up with in Cornwallis's fleet. On being taken prisoners, the *Hussar's* crew was mustered at Brest and then trekked eastward across France in stages along well-defined prisoner-of-war routes, finally being incarcerated at Givet, on the threshold of Napoleon's Germanic domain.

Givet was on the road to one of the principal crossings of the Rhine at Mainz, and so it was that during the years in prison Wetherell saw the Grand Armies pouring across the frontier to the victories of Austerlitz, Wagram and Jena, to the terrible defeat in the snows of Russia. He heard by hearsay of the crowning mercy of Trafalgar, and from fellow-prisoners of the victories in Spain. Like many a prisoner after him, John Wetherell busied himself at Givet by learning French, navigation and music. At this point Wetherell reached the climax of his eventful diary. The Allies had arrived on the eastern frontiers of France. Givet had to be evacuated and the prisoners started their westward march to complete their eleven-year circuit of France. Thus, with a well-rehearsed band playing the tunes they loved, the men marched into the sad little provincial towns of France, towns that had given their young manhood for Napoleon's unending needs. Despite all the years of hardship, the marching prisoners took with them youth, music and fun. No wonder the girls lost their hearts to them and the rich men opened their purses. The men of the Peninsular among the prisoners retold the tales of battles of which the French had never heard, of Salamanca and the great rout of Vittoria, and they carried with them a promise of the end of an unwanted régime. Spring and a new hope dawned among them as they marched through to the Loire and to the haven of La Rochelle. At this moment, on the verge of his repatriation, Mr. Forester asks us to take leave of John Wetherell. It is a fitting end to a really great narrative showing that man's humanity to man in little ways shines clear above the mass savagery of a Continent in arms.

The world has never quite understood John Stuart Mill, the great philosopher and economist whose active life spanned the central portion of the nineteenth century. Mill did his best to rescue his own age. He failed, and a deep materialism engulfed Britain, but as his new biographer declares: "The stuff he handled was imperishable, men and women would sooner or later tire of being led obediently to ruin." Michael St. John Packe, who, for some curious reason we are reminded by the publishers, is a hockey Blue and captain of the Leicestershire County cricket team, has been working for the last six years on his life of JOHN STUART MILL (Secker and Warburg. 42s.) It is a masterly piece of work this first full-scale biography. We see the ardent young revolutionary Radical of the years before the Reform Bill, the eager traveller, the no less eager lover, whose passion for a married woman caused open scandal in the drawing-rooms of London, the active Member of Parliament, the man, indeed, of many strengths and failings, of many moods and causes, and of one almost overwhelming sorrow—the loss of Harriet Taylor. Mr. Packe has somehow or other succeeded in bringing Mill into a new and clearer perspective, and this is not solely due to the large number of hitherto unpublished manuscripts and letters which have been made available to him. The biography covers over 500 pages, and throughout, the writing is on a high level. Mill's last days at Avignon are most movingly described. There were only five official mourners at the funeral, but when they reached the cemetery gates, he records, "a large, spontaneous crowd stood dumb and damp. These were his real memorial. All his life he had fought for them, and for the millions they represented; fiercely, though never with unfair weapons. All his life they had looked to him, half-comprehending, full of trust." That is a wonderful summing-up of this man of genius, whom this new biography places in a nobler and fairer light than anything that has gone before.

E. B. White, who has played such a part in the frolics of the *New Yorker*, has compiled an anthology of some of his prose and verse which has appeared in magazine form, and he calls it THE SECOND TREE FROM THE CORNER (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.), after his story of that name. *The Second Tree from the Corner* is the tale of a business man who turned the tables on his psychiatrist. It must have warmed the hearts of many Americans momentarily grown weary of their interminable interlocutors whom they pay so handsomely to cure them of their fears.

The name Mary Bethune conceals the identity of a young woman doctor in professional practice, and the title, DOCTOR DEAR (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) does not attempt to conceal that a little experience in general practice, if not wholly disillusioning, does make for early maturity. Mary Bethune has written a most readable account of her first experiences in a large English country town where, inexperienced and

AN ELIZABETHAN PLAYHOUSE FOR A TOURING SHAKESPEAREAN EXHIBITION: This is a model of a typical Elizabethan playhouse made by Mr. Richard Southern which is being sent abroad by the British Council as the centrepiece of a Shakespearean Exhibition. The model is seen from above with the nearer side of the galleries removed to show the square stage projecting boldly into the central yard of the building. *Below*—A view from the side showing how an actor at the front of the stage was in the centre of the playhouse. The model has sixteen sides. Writing in the current issue of *Britain To-day*, Mr. Southern says that it is clear that our opinion of the appearance of the Elizabethan theatres is changing. Fifty years ago they were generally imagined as bare, crude places built like a Tudor hostelry, and primitive in the extreme, but we have come to believe to-day that some of the auditoriums were stately, painted and in part skilfully marbled.

uncertain at first, she sets about learning the rural routine with all its variations of pace, the dirt and ignorance of one section of her clientèle, the elegance and ignorance of another, and the hit-or-miss tactics of some of her older colleagues when setting about the task of diagnosis. Even a death certificate can often be based on a condition that was likely rather than one that was clearly ascertained, and the young doctor naturally finds this sort of discovery disquieting. This is a fine study of life in general practice, and if the reader's conclusion is that common sense rather than vast medical knowledge is really the key factor, that need not disturb us unduly. Very properly, *Doctor Dear* is a Book Society recommendation.

Paul Vialar is a racing enthusiast and at first encounter his novel of the French turf, THE SILVER SPUR (Staples Press. 12s. 6d.), gives the clear-cut impression that here is the heir of the naïve but engrossing Nat Gould, with golden-haired trainers' daughters, beautiful to look upon and noble in their ways; black-visaged, bewhiskered villains, horrible in their machinations; ne'er-do-well sons; gallant horses of docile mien; and black, wicked horses that go like the wind and savage the villain of the piece in the nick of time. *The Silver Spur* centres upon the training quarters of Mr. Brixton at Chantilly, the French Newmarket, and its hero is Flavien Genet, the boy with a flair for horses. We see how Genet helps to build up the stable and a great line of thoroughbreds, winning formidable successes in the classics of England and France. But halfway through this pleasant run-of-the-mill narrative, Mr. Vialar changes direction. Genet, when the Germans invade France in 1940, turns out to be a collaborator, if only because his one dominating thought is to save the horses at all costs, no matter how many dinners he has to provide for German bellies. At the finish, Genet faces trial as an enemy of France, his son is executed by the Germans for double-crossing them in a big way, and the trainer, his honour tarnished, returns from prison to Chantilly to begin training anew. The second half of the book might well be a true story. The first half belongs to popular racing fiction, and the two definitely do not mix.

Three French novelists have turned their attention to the war zone of South-East Asia, and little wonder, for in Indo-China, the setting for two of these tales, Frenchmen have been fighting and dying for seven long, exhausting years. They know this colonial terrain as their fathers never knew it. Jean Hougron's BLAZE OF THE SUN (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.) is a most vigorous and realistic piece of work, centring on the Frenchman Georges Lastin, one of the tough-nut civilians of the Indo-Chinese petrol convoys, and the Annamite woman, the wife of another Frenchman, whom he pursues with such a ruthless but strangely devoted singlemindedness. The first part of the book is set in a jungle prison camp, and the second in Saigon. Wherever he is, Jean Hougron seems to be at home among the people of this war-torn land. Everything about his novel is alive with a fierce intensity. On the same high plane is René Hardy's THE SWORD OF GOD (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.), which has also won golden opinions for this young writer in France. Every cause is betrayed during the battle, and still further when the battle is done, is René Hardy's theme. This is the lesson which Jean Kernez learns in Indo-China as he goes seeking his brother in the no-man's land. As in *Blaze of the Sun*, the background material has the authentic touch. In THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.), the scene shifts to Siam. Pierre Boule, who has been awarded the Prix St. Beuve for this fine work, makes the setting in a prison camp deep in the hinterland, and its central figure is the British officer, Colonel Nicholson, a gentleman of ramrod-like courtesy, blinkered certainty, and inflexible will. This Frenchman's portrait of an English Regular is not to be missed.

Hammond Innes has made Morocco his happy hunting-ground both as a novelist and a travel writer. THE STRANGE LAND (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is his latest book, and it centres for the most part on the little-known South that lies between the Atlas Mountains and the Sahara which the French until recently called "The Zone of Insecurity." As always with Mr. Innes' work, there is an unquestioned authenticity of background.

Two volumes for the travel-minded are Nina Epton's ISLANDS OF THE SUNBIRD (Jarrolds. 18s.); and Lieut.-Colonel Locke's THE TIGERS OF TRENGGANU (Museum Press. 16s.). Nina Epton gives an account of an 8,000-mile tropical tour through Java, Sumatra, the Spice Islands and Bali. Colonel Locke's volume is a product of his experiences as an administrative officer in Malaya, where he tracked down and shot, often in most exciting circumstances, the man-eating and cattle-eating tigers which menaced the land.

Richard Edmonds

A SHORT SURVEY OF OTHER NEW BOOKS

Three years ago the Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust invited Dr. Stephen Taylor to conduct a non-statistical survey of a number of practices of G.P.s. The result is GOOD GENERAL PRACTICE (Oxford University Press; London, Geoffrey Cumberlege. 12s. 6d.), and it is an analysis of the doctors' work in connection with the National Health Service.

In SHAKESPEAREAN STAGE PRODUCTION, THEN AND NOW (Hutchinson. 25s.), Cécile de Banke has divided her survey into four sections. They are, Staging; Actors and Acting; Costume and Music; and Dancing. There are several illustrations and line drawings and a foreword by Hugh Miller, who says that the work is a treasure-house of information for the student and the young producer.

SAILING SMALL CRUISERS (Adam and Charles Black. 21s.), by Guy Pennant, is intended for the newcomer to sailing whose preference is for small cabin cruisers up to some 25 ft. in length. The glossary is most helpful, and in addition to the photographs there are numerous line drawings of great interest. The author deals with the boat and its maintenance; seamanship and passage-making.

CIVIL WAR IN ENGLAND (Muller. 15s.), by Jack Lindsay, is an account (with illustrations) of the Civil Wars of the 1640's. Although it has been necessary to deal with the main campaigns and strategies, the author has endeavoured also to give some idea of the effect of the local conflicts.

In INDIA AND THE AWAKENING EAST (Hutchinson. 15s.), Eleanor Roosevelt reports on the journey and the people she met during her visit to the great continent at the invitation of Mr. Nehru in 1952. She also visited Arab countries and Israel. In addition to a survey of political problems, Mrs. Roosevelt comments on social, economic and human issues. There are many pictures illustrating her tour.

SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES

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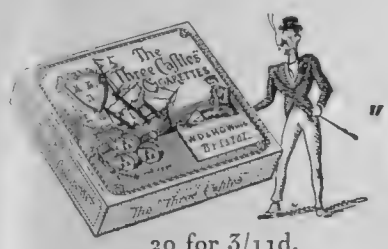

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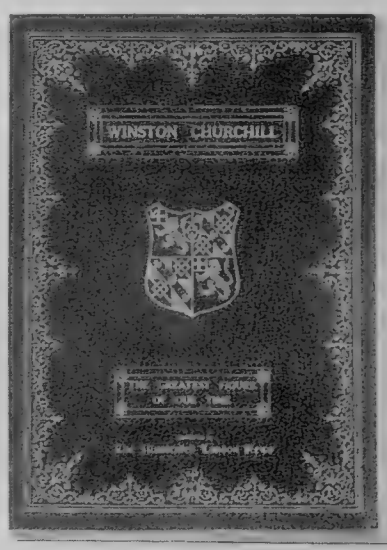
To be a brilliant statesman would be enough for most ordinary mortals, but WINSTON CHURCHILL has somehow fitted into the pattern of his life an extraordinary range of interest and achievement . . . historian, sportsman, soldier, orator and artist.



Despite the greatness of this man and despite the debt the whole world owes to him, few of us, if the truth be told, know of Winston Churchill's background—his early days, and his kaleidoscopic career in the years leading up to the Second World War.

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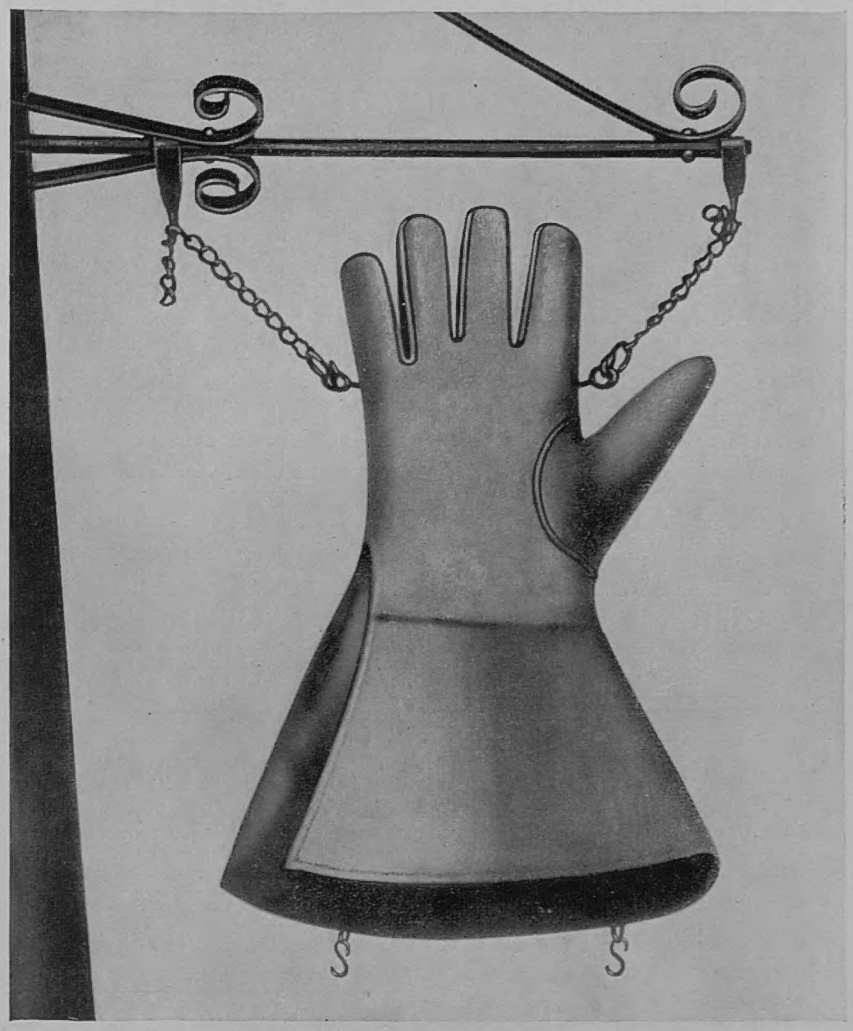

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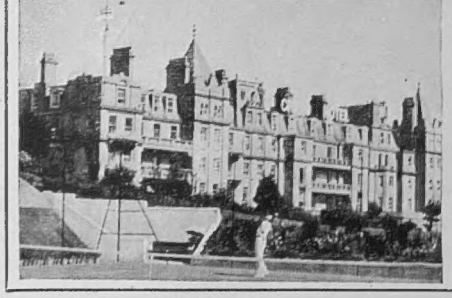

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HOTEL DISC

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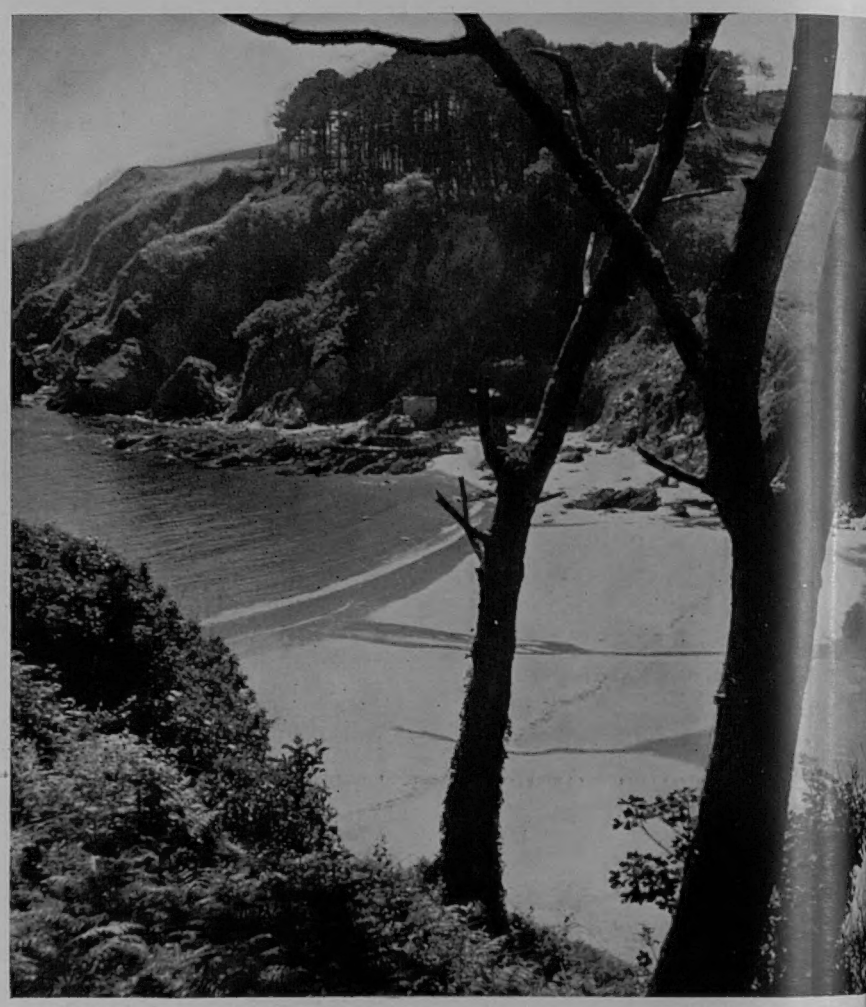
AS holiday partners, Devon and Cornwall are inseparable. Stay in one you are bound, if you have any zest for exploration, to enjoy the other. S sampling may be but the genesis for further holidays this year, next year and year after.

My objective in this short article is not to boost the hotels whose announcem appear on these pages, *though I would say I know and can vouch for each person* but to dissect both Devon and Cornwall and offer suggestions as to what loc it would be best to stay at according to varying needs.



Off the beaten track in South Devon. Mothecombe Beach, between Newton Ferrers and Bigbu

Taking Devon first. If you have a leaning towards a seaside resort, lar comes Torquay, sharing Torbay with Paignton and Brixham. Good centres only for the attractions of sea, ships, scenery and social events, but for Dartmo the Dart and Dartmoor beyond. On the same stretch of coastline, culminat with the Exe estuary, are the smaller resorts of Teignmouth and Dawlish. the South Devon coastline, east of Exeter, in that terrain which lies between Rivers Exe and Axe, are the resorts of Exmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Seaton Sidmouth. All provide all-the-year-round excellent and varied-sized ho accommodation.

The final section of South Devon coastline has no town of any size other t Plymouth. With its many indents, creeks and waterways, it embraces the charm small resorts of Salcombe, Hope Cove, Thurlestone, Bigbury Bay (with its isl hotel) and Newton Ferrers. Salcombe is famed principally for its facilities for sail Thurlestone for its golf links and sands, and Newton Ferrers for its sailing quite charming spots, each with a coterie of good hotels permeated with personal touch.

North Devon has an appeal of its own for holiday-seekers, with bases appeal to varied tastes. If it is sands you seek, Saunton Sands, Woolacombe and Morte will claim your attention. For sailing you will consider Appledore and Ins (stay at Northam, Barnstaple or Instow). If it is golf, Saunton and Westward H take pride of place, but if it is just fine scenery and all-round holiday excelle you will pick those jewels of the North Devon coast, Lynton and Lynmouth. Be leaving Devon for Cornwall, let us have a brief survey of her hinterland. those who are country-lovers yet like the seashore within motoring range, Hon serves that South Devon coastline between Axe and Exe. For a combination Dartmoor and the sands of Torbay, choose Chagford; for Dartmoor, Plymo and the Salcombe sector, Two Bridges or Dartmoor itself. Then the North De and North Cornish coast is within comfortable daily reach of Hatherleigh, Mi Damerel and Muddiford.

Cornwall, a land of sandy coves, quaint fishing villages and waterways, be divided into the North Cornish coastline from Bude to Newquay, the south

VERIES

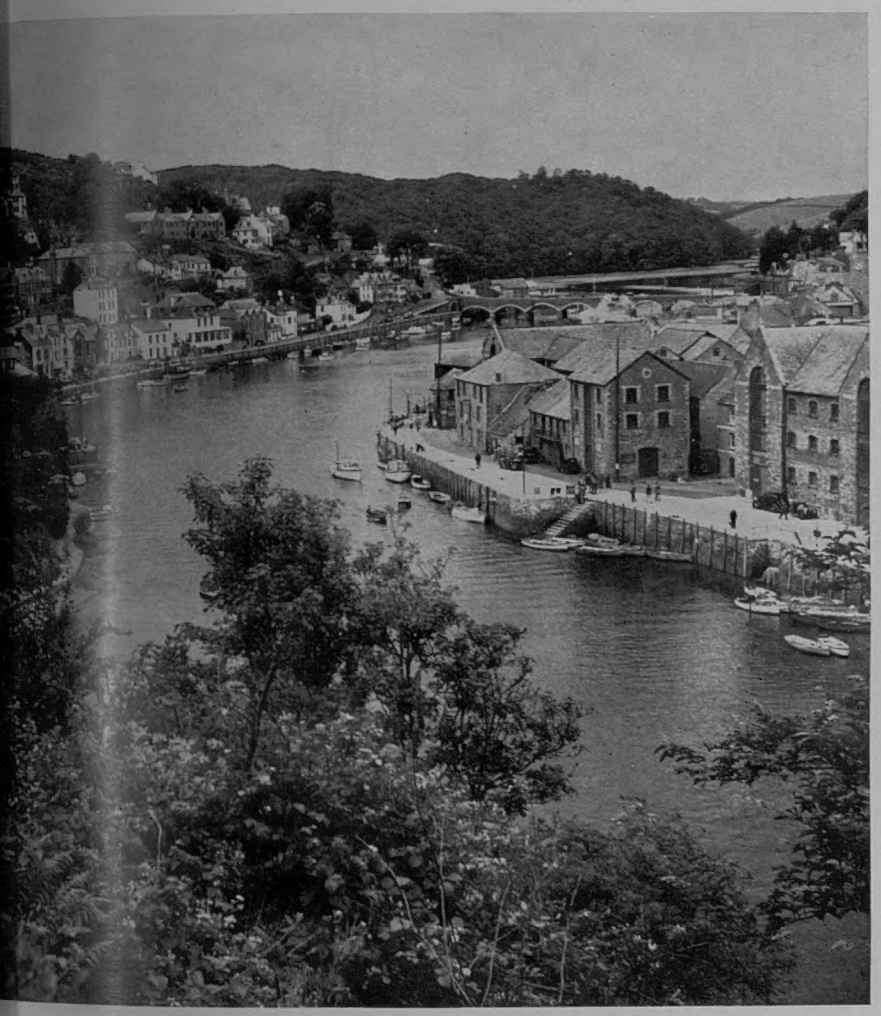
Devon and Cornwall

by ASHLEY COURTENAY

f of her western seaboard from Newquay to St. Ives and around Land's End to nzance, and the South Cornish coastline comprising the sectors Penzance to lmouth, including the Lizard, the Roseland Peninsula, and the coastline bracing Fowey, Polperro, Looe and Downderry to Torpoint.

For those whose first visit it is to Cornwall, I suggest one of the six following orts: Bude, Newquay, St. Ives, Penzance, Falmouth and Looe. From each, ly motor coach runs can be taken to all parts of Devon and Cornwall, which is indication to the private owner that each resort marks a good centre. For the ker after small resorts, I have in the North Cornwall area a fondness for the rt Isaac, Port Quin, Polzeath area. South of the River Camel, favourite holiday ots with some good hotels are Padstow, Harlyn Bay and Treyarnon Bay. mediately south of Newquay is Crantock Bay, an admirable spot for all who uld dodge the excursionist element.

St. Ives needs no introduction, but for something small and quaint, I commend u to Mousehole, where lobster pots, seagulls and fishing nets predominate. nzance, the terminus of the once G.W.R. line, is a good base for Lands End,



Looe, South Cornwall. Nestling in a beautiful valley, this small Cornish fishing town provides good sands and a "banjo" pier

. Michael's Mount and St. Ives. It is also the airport for the Scilly Isles. Note ien the fine sandy coastline of Mount's Bay at Praa or Prah Sands (spell it which ay you like). Consider the Lizard Peninsula for your holiday, Poldhu or Polurrian oves for choice. Next come the possibilities of Falmouth and its environs. The elford River, the creeks of the Fal, the charm of St. Mawes, and such fascinating ots on the Roseland Peninsula as Porthscatho, Pendower, Veryan, and nearer t. Austell, Carlyon Bay. I have never had any leaning towards Fowey. I have een too busy negotiating its narrow streets, but at Bodinnick I always call a halt. he Looes, both East and West, attract the holiday-maker, with Downderry the isured spot where one can lie awhile in bed and watch the flashing Eddystone light.

Cornwall has not the same attractions in its hinterland as Devon, but there re places inland where, due to good hotel-keepers, they attract the holiday-maker. anreath, behind Polperro, because of its inn, Stratton near Bude, Treharrock near ort Isaac, and Lifton near Launceston (Lifton itself is just in Devon).

The choice is up to you, but if you are still undecided write to me. The soil the south-west I tread with annual regularity.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2*

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Saturday, April 10, 1954. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.